

MORE THAN SHADOWS

a biography of

SIR WILLIAM RUSSELL FLINT P.R.W.S., R.A.

by ARNOLD PALMER

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CONTENTS

PREFACE

LIST OF PLATES

MORE THAN SHADOWS 1

NOTES ON SOME OF THE PLATES . . . 23

BIOGRAPHICAL SUMMARY 44

PLATES 47

LIST OF PUBLIC GALLERIES EXHIBITING
SOME OF THE ARTIST'S WORKS . . . 141

LIST OF BOOKS ILLUSTRATED BY THE
ARTIST 144

BIBLIOGRAPHY 145

INDEX 147

PREFACE

LIKE Gaul, this book is divided into three parts and, like Cæsar, readers will invade it from the far or southern end. No one is likely to pick it up without looking first at the third portion, where reside reproductions of some hundred and thirty pictures by Russell Flint. A number of people will be led thence to consult one or other of the artist's notes and, after reading some of them, to read more. These notes form the second or middle third of the volume. Whether, from this point, any stout traveller will press on into the flat, uninviting country of the first or northern portion is more doubtful.

Yet the divisions overlap and interlock, the book is a whole. It tells the story of a painter making, by his own unaided efforts, his way in the world; it gives with unusual fullness his reflections on his work; and it contains 136 reproductions of those pictures which are the excuse for this publication.

So far, so complete. But for such an abomination as a Preface some better apology than mere complacency is needed. The following pages furnish an account of the artist's rise rather than of his—so to speak—spread. This omission is largely remedied by the acknowledgments below. His output has been prolific, and no stage has passed, in nearly forty years, without growing recognition. The distribution of his work is correspondingly extensive, and although the illustrations are mostly of fairly recent work, few photographs of earlier examples being available, the choice, when selection of suitably characteristic works had to be made, was enormous. In the end, the thanks of publisher, artist, and author become due to the following: the Birmingham City Art Gallery; H.M.S. *Conway*; Eton College; the Ferens Art Gallery, Hull; the Harris Museum and Art Gallery, Preston; the Kelvingrove Art Gallery, Glasgow; the National Gallery of New South Wales, Australia; the Newport (Monmouth) Art Gallery; the Norton Art Gallery, West Palm Beach, Florida; the Rochdale Art Gallery; Southampton Art Gallery; the Royal Society of Painters in Water-colours; the Fine Art Society Ltd.; The Medici Society Ltd.; Messrs. Frost & Reed Ltd.; the Ackermann Galleries, Chicago; the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Moray, M.C.; the Rt. Hon. the Viscount Leverhulme; Lady Stewart Sandeman; the late Sir J. J. Burnet, R.A.; Sir Robert Rankin, Bart., M.P.; Sir John Stirling-Maxwell, Bart., K.T.; Canon H. T. Bowlby; K. F. Banner, Esq.; Mrs. G. T. Black; Mrs. M. G. Black; McGough Bond, Esq.; Wellington R. Burt, Esq.; V. Chaplin, Esq.; John Chapman, Esq.; Earl Christmas, Esq.; R. E. Danielson, Esq.; A. C. Davy, Esq.; Mrs. T. S. Dewey; S. H. Ervin, Esq.; Mrs. Fox-Bourne; Robert Fraser, Esq.; J. E. Gardner, Esq.; R. C. Greig, Esq.; Guy P. Harben, Esq.; William Randolph Hearst, Esq.; J. E. Hodgkin, Esq.; Julius B. Hyam, Esq.; Andrew G. Kidd, Esq.; Mrs. A. Kenneth; James McDiarmid, Esq.; F. Cope Morgan, Esq.; J. C. Myers, Esq.; William Powell, Esq.; H. Roberts, Esq.; John Robertson, Esq., J.P.; Mrs. Watson Rutherford; R. Sanderson, Esq.; Dr. John Shanks; T. B. Simpson, Esq.; A. Brian Stothard, Esq.; J. C. Sword, Esq.; F. Newton Trier, Esq.; H. Giles

PREFACE

Walker, Esq.; Miss I. G. Walker; E. M. Weatherby, Esq.; Robert Wetherill, Esq., Jr.; and Messrs. Bimson, Fleischmann, Macdonald and Schroeder.

A. P. 1942

To a generous reception, politicians wave, actors bow, generals salute, cricketers touch their caps; but pianists play another little piece, and writers, it seems, write another little preface. This book, presenting reproductions of one man's pictures, with his own intimate notes about them; a brief sketch of his career; and no syllable of æsthetic or metaphysical expounding—this book followed a bygone mode. The reader was left to enjoy or to criticise, just as he liked, in his own way. The quickness with which he mastered his surprise at, and responded to, this approach is gratifying, of course, but surely it is also healthy. It might even be called significant, if that word had not become sacred to pictures whose significance is in doubt.

A. P. 1946

Plans for a further reprint had already been laid when something occurred to turn this agreeable and almost regular event into a gala. During the summer of 1947, when returning from a working holiday on the continent of Europe—during, in point of fact, the actual *traversée* of the mannerless and disrespectful Channel—the subject of this book saw a London newspaper and learned what his friends in England had known for some hours, that he had ceased to be Mr. and become Sir William Russell Flint.

Many people, that morning, must have experienced a peculiarly personal pleasure; few save the unassuming new knight himself can have felt surprise. As a painter, as President of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-colours, as Trustee of the Royal Academy of Arts, he had long been marked for recognition. Behind the honour stand the qualifications; behind the qualifications stand the qualities and character which created them. It is back to these, and back to the early days in Edinburgh when the first signs of them can be detected, that the thoughts of some of us must have turned on that morning in June.

A. P. 1948

LIST OF PLATES

Plates in Colour

			PAGE
PLATE	1.	"Marguerite Pauline" <i>Tempera</i>	45
PLATE	20.	"Rocks and Fortresses, St. Malo" <i>Water-colour</i>	57
PLATE	33.	"Pont-y-Garth, North Wales" <i>Water-colour</i>	67
PLATE	45.	"Napoleon's Stables, St. Maximin-la-Baume" <i>Water-colour</i>	75
PLATE	57.	"Ponte della Paglia, Venice" <i>Water-colour</i>	85
PLATE	90.	"Great Englebourne" <i>Tempera</i>	105
PLATE	104.	"Eloisa" <i>Tempera</i>	115
PLATE	122.	"A Garden in Devon" <i>Tempera</i>	129

Plates in Monochrome

PLATE	2.	Study for "Reclining Model" <i>Pencil Drawing</i>	47
PLATE	3.	Study for "Models for Goddesses" <i>Pencil Drawing</i>	47
PLATE	4.	"Night: The Colosseum, Rome" <i>Water-colour</i>	48
PLATE	5.	"The Market Hall, Richelieu" <i>Water-colour</i>	48
PLATE	6.	"H.M.S. Conway" <i>Monochrome</i>	49
PLATE	7.	"No. 1 Slip, Devonport" <i>Water-colour</i>	49
PLATE	8.	"The Inadequate Bandage" <i>Water-colour</i>	50
PLATE	9.	"Bamboos" <i>Water-colour</i>	50
PLATE	10.	"Two of the Models" <i>Water-colour</i>	51
PLATE	11.	"Interval in Ballet Practice" <i>Water-colour</i>	51
PLATE	12.	"Showing How" <i>Water-colour</i>	52
PLATE	13.	"Three Dancers and a Picture" <i>Water-colour</i>	53
PLATE	14.	"A Stranger" <i>Water-colour</i>	54
PLATE	15.	"Diaphenia and Hazel" <i>Tempera</i>	54
PLATE	16.	"A Conversation in Aragon" <i>Oil</i>	55
PLATE	17.	"In Classic Provence" <i>Water-colour</i>	55
PLATE	18.	"Off to Winter Fishing, Pittenweem" <i>Water-colour</i>	56
PLATE	19.	"Storm Clouds, St. Malo" <i>Water-colour</i>	56
PLATE	21.	"A Ferry in Brittany" <i>Water-colour</i>	59
PLATE	22.	"A Classic Farm, Provence" <i>Water-colour</i>	59
PLATE	23.	"Flames of Autumn, Gilnockie Bridge" <i>Water-colour</i>	60
PLATE	24.	"A Bend on the Gard Languedoc" <i>Water-colour</i>	61

LIST OF PLATES

		PAGE
PLATE 25.	" Maruja the Strong " Oil	62
PLATE 26.	" The Tale Bearer " Water-colour	63
PLATE 27.	" Holy Island from Corrie, Arran " . . . Water-colour	64
PLATE 28.	" Top of Ben Lawers from Loch Lairig " . Water-colour	64
PLATE 29.	" Loch Earn " Water-colour	65
PLATE 30.	" Stobinian and Ben More, Perthshire " . Water-colour	65
PLATE 31.	" The Floor Polishers " Water-colour	66
PLATE 32.	" Shipyard Gleaners " Oil	66
PLATE 34.	" San Geremia and the Palazzo Labia " . Water-colour	69
PLATE 35.	" Ca d'Oro " Water-colour	69
PLATE 36.	" Alicante " Water-colour	70
PLATE 37.	" Pancorbo " Water-colour	70
PLATE 38.	" Ascension Day, Catalonia " Water-colour	71
PLATE 39.	" A Farm at Les Baux, Provence " . . . Water-colour	71
PLATE 40.	" Strolling Players, St. Maximin " . . . Water-colour	72
PLATE 41.	" Field Workers' Toilet, Dordogne " . . Water-colour	72
PLATE 42.	" A Rendezvous at Orio " Water-colour	73
PLATE 43.	" The String Makers, Aragon " Water-colour	73
PLATE 44.	" Palais du Pape, Avignon " Water-colour	74
PLATE 46.	" Truth, with Discretion and Patience " . Oil	77
PLATE 47.	" The Coopers' Luncheon, St. Tropez " . Water-colour	78
PLATE 48.	" Under the Rood Beam, Trèves " . . . Water-colour	79
PLATE 49.	" Flowers and Lacquer " Oil	80
PLATE 50.	" Silver and Gold " Oil	81
PLATE 51.	" The Nun's Class, La Charité " Water-colour	82
PLATE 52.	" Gipsy Scandal Market " Water-colour	82
PLATE 53.	" The Dance of Rose Petals, Granada " . Water-colour	83
PLATE 54.	" A Song of Old Provence " Water-colour	83
PLATE 55.	" Homage to Demeter, Provence " Oil	84
PLATE 56.	" Vanity in the Wash-House " Water-colour	84
PLATE 58.	" Sirens Unemployed " Water-colour	87
PLATE 59.	" Casilda " Tempera	87
PLATE 60.	" A Mirror on the Sands " Water-colour	88
PLATE 61.	" Bridget and Lavinia Shirking " Water-colour	88
PLATE 62.	" Repose by the Mediterranean " Water-colour	89
PLATE 63.	" Phyllis Alone " Water-colour	89
PLATE 64.	" The Judgment of Paris " Oil	90
PLATE 65.	" The Choice " Oil	91

		PAGE
PLATE 66.	" Gitanas in Festal Attire " <i>Tempera</i>	92
PLATE 67.	" Gitana Dancers Resting, Albaicin, Granada " <i>Oil</i>	92
PLATE 68.	" Gitanas and Goat Girl " <i>Tempera</i>	93
PLATE 69.	" Gitana Music " <i>Oil</i>	93
PLATE 70.	" The Seven Springs of Vers " <i>Water-colour</i>	94
PLATE 71.	" The Goat Girl " <i>Water-colour</i>	94
PLATE 72.	" Casa Rosa, Grand Canal, Venice " <i>Water-colour</i>	95
PLATE 73.	" Towering Palaces, Venice " <i>Water-colour</i>	95
PLATE 74.	" Valle Crucis Abbey " <i>Water-colour</i>	96
PLATE 75.	" Loches " <i>Water-colour</i>	96
PLATE 76.	" The Chateau Gate House, Gisors " <i>Water-colour</i>	97
PLATE 77.	" A Farm in Arcady " <i>Water-colour</i>	97
PLATE 78.	" The Unconsecrated Church " <i>Water-colour</i>	98
PLATE 79.	" Three Cafés, Saumur (Loire) " <i>Water-colour</i>	99
PLATE 80.	" Yvette " <i>Tempera</i>	100
PLATE 81.	" Spring " <i>Oil</i>	100
PLATE 82.	" Monica " <i>Tempera</i>	101
PLATE 83.	" The Dancer Consuelito Carmona " <i>Oil</i>	101
PLATE 84.	" The Secret Lagoon " <i>Water-colour</i>	102
PLATE 85.	" Autumn near Capel Curig " <i>Water-colour</i>	102
PLATE 86.	" A Classic Landscape, Provence " <i>Water-colour</i>	103
PLATE 87.	" On the Gard, Provence " <i>Water-colour</i>	103
PLATE 88.	" Pont du Gard " <i>Water-colour</i>	104
PLATE 89.	" Suilven, Sutherland " <i>Water-colour</i>	104
PLATE 91.	" Leonora " <i>Tempera</i>	107
PLATE 92.	" Reclining Model " <i>Tempera</i>	107
PLATE 93.	" Ceres' Daughters " <i>Water-colour</i>	108
PLATE 94.	" Dwellers on the Ground Floor " <i>Water-colour</i>	108
PLATE 95.	" Three Gipsies in Languedoc " <i>Water-colour</i>	109
PLATE 96.	" The Viper in New Hay, Uzès " <i>Water-colour</i>	109
PLATE 97.	" A Party of Four " <i>Tempera</i>	110
PLATE 98.	" Bronze and Silver " <i>Tempera</i>	111
PLATE 99.	" The First Bull, Nîmes " <i>Water-colour</i>	112
PLATE 100.	" Promenade des Jeunes Filles, Provence " <i>Water-colour</i>	112
PLATE 101.	" Illustration for the ' Life of Saint Paul ' " <i>Water-colour</i>	113
PLATE 102.	" Homer: Odysseus in Hades " <i>Water-colour</i>	113
PLATE 103.	" Melusina " <i>Tempera</i>	114

LIST OF PLATES

PAGE

PLATE 105.	"Pilgrimage at Midsummer Dawn, New Castile"	<i>Oil</i>	117
PLATE 106.	"Aragonese Harvesters Resting"	<i>Water-colour</i>	118
PLATE 107.	"The Lemnians"	<i>Oil</i>	119
PLATE 108.	"Bianca"	<i>Tempera</i>	120
PLATE 109.	"The Raven"	<i>Water-colour</i>	120
PLATE 110.	"The Pink Feather"	<i>Tempera</i>	121
PLATE 111.	"La Hija Muy Amada"	<i>Water-colour</i>	121
PLATE 112.	"The Little Red Mirror"	<i>Tempera</i>	122
PLATE 113.	"Nicolette"	<i>Tempera</i>	122
PLATE 114.	"Discussion"	<i>Tempera</i>	123
PLATE 115.	"Mercedes and Julietta"	<i>Tempera</i>	123
PLATE 116.	"Artemis and Chione"	<i>Oil</i>	124
PLATE 117.	"The Kite"	<i>Oil</i>	125
PLATE 118.	"Nomads' Rendezvous"	<i>Oil</i>	126
PLATE 119.	"Ladies and Gipsies"	<i>Oil</i>	127
PLATE 120.	"January Twilight, Great Englebourne, S. Devon"	<i>Water-colour</i>	128
PLATE 121.	"Midsummer Midnight, Ross-shire"	<i>Water-colour</i>	128
PLATE 123.	"A Broken Bridge on the Ardèche"	<i>Water-colour</i>	131
PLATE 124.	"Diana"	<i>Tempera</i>	131
PLATE 125.	"Sunshine and Frost, Engadine"	<i>Water-colour</i>	132
PLATE 126.	"Morning on the Rink, Grimmialp"	<i>Water-colour</i>	132
PLATE 127.	"Ski-ing in a Snowstorm"	<i>Water-colour</i>	133
PLATE 128.	"Sunshine and Snow, Flims"	<i>Water-colour</i>	133
PLATE 129.	"Four Singers of Vera"	<i>Oil</i>	134
PLATE 130.	"Andalusian Singers"	<i>Oil</i>	135
PLATE 131.	"The Stolen Letter"	<i>Tempera</i>	136
PLATE 132.	"Models for Goddesses"	<i>Tempera</i>	137
PLATE 133.	"Roseneath and the Clyde"	<i>Water-colour</i>	138
PLATE 134.	"A Frosty November Morning, Greta Bridge"	<i>Water-colour</i>	138
PLATE 135.	"The Black House, St. Tropez"	<i>Water-colour</i>	139
PLATE 136.	"On the Traligill Burn, Ben More Assynt, Sutherland"	<i>Water-colour</i>	140

MORE THAN SHADOWS

SINCE the study of heredity is not an exact science, every man is biologically just what one would have expected or what one would never have expected or, most often, a confused mixture of both. The subject of this biographical sketch is an unusually pure specimen of the first of these classes. Almost everything he has done and the way in which he has done it have origins which can be clearly traced to his father, his mother, his nationality. Origins; the developments are his own.

William Russell Flint was born in 1880, in Edinburgh. His father, Francis Wighton Flint, descendant of a line of designers in various media, was by profession a successful commercial artist, employing five assistants; by nature something different and something more. According to his son he was an artist of sensibility with a real appreciation of the natural world; but he suffered from what is to-day called loosely an inferiority complex and might, more precisely, be described as fear of the hardships of the life of an artist in Scotland. He instilled this fear so well and truly into his children that W. R. F. was halfway through the thirties before it crossed his mind that he might stand on his own feet as a painter artist—that he was capable, in other words, of making a career and a livelihood not merely as a designer or a black-and-white draughtsman or a book illustrator but as a landscape and figure painter.

In the earliest days which live in his memory he was already drawing and watching his father draw. Presently he was sent to a well-known Edinburgh college, Daniel Stewart's (where his younger brother joined him a little later), but at the age of fourteen he was removed and apprenticed to a prosperous firm of printers. Since the boy was doing well at school and came from a family in comfortable circumstances, this step may seem, especially to English readers, rather surprising. But in the Scotland of that day there was a pretty general belief in "letting boys start at the bottom of the ladder, and letting them start early." And even now it is the custom, and not the exception, for the sons of the magnates of Clydeside to serve their time in the shipbuilding and engineering yards, gaining first-hand experience of every kind of work—and worker. After a few years of this they will know, for the rest of their lives, what they are talking about and whom they are talking to. There are, naturally, other fathers holding other theories, who send their sons to Cambridge for a three years' course in engineering; but it may be said, without going into the merits of the two alternatives, that the undergraduates do not, on their return, find themselves "accepted," either by their school friends or by the employees, until they have proved themselves. In peaceful times the arguments of the rival theorists can be heard in most countries, and a very interesting discussion it is. Here, however, I am concerned not with the process but with the raw material, a little boy.

The selected firm was Banks and Company, and the apprenticeship was for six years. The hours were 8-6 daily and amounted to fifty hours a week. From his home in Portobello he travelled (by cycle in summer, by the 7.25

in winter) to Newington, whence a walk through fields and streets brought him to his place of work. After his first year, being now fifteen, he was also sent from 7-10 every evening to the Royal Institution School of Art where, like his father before him, he studied under Hodder—outline drawing from the cast, shading from the cast, drawing from the antique and finally drawing from life.

At Banks', for a start, the young apprentice was set to copy and then redraw a child's sketch book so accurately that a customer would not be able to tell the new issue from the previous one. Soon, displaying an aptitude for high lights, he became a specialist in whisky bottles—as a rule merely copying but occasionally enjoying the rapture of designing new lettering or inventing pictorial features. Distillers, it may be explained, used various shaped bottles as they do to-day, and the firm's part was to produce and print appropriate labels for them. The blends of whisky had their own names, of course, and these were often helpful in suggesting the treatment. But it was long before W. R. F. was entrusted with any designing—almost all the "originals" were the work of outside commercial artists who were themselves past apprentices of printing houses. It was only when the distillers ordered a show card with a picture of the bottle dressed in its new label that the working apprentices were given a chance. Among these apprentices and journeymen, fifteen in all, the level of technical accomplishment was tremendously high, but it was squandered in the service of a public whose knowledge and taste were at the other extreme. (A client of Messrs. Banks, having ordered a show card to advertise his new factory, complained indignantly that all four walls of the building were not visible in the picture.) From this period a few posters and labels still linger: and though their horror might be matched by the worst efforts of our day, their survival may reasonably be attributed to their contemporary superiority. The charm belonging to the day before yesterday begins, even, to gather round them. But what is now "amusing" was then deadly serious.

Whatever the defects of a firm like Banks & Co. as a nursery for artists, it provided a far more varied range of models than any art school. The following list, so the former apprentice tells me, by no means completes the subjects he had, at one time or another, to draw: garden tools, ironmongery (from ranges to lamps), saddlery and leather work, furniture, views of buildings (his addiction to showing reflections in the glass windows was not approved), crockery price lists, clocks and electro-plated ware, bedding, lace curtains, hats, shoes, and in fact full male and female outfits, seamen's outfits, sporting clothes, working garments. For fashion catalogues, he made up dresses by stealing odd features from ladies' journals and composing them into pictures of "authentic" models, though sometimes, for some special issue, he was sent to Redferns and other big shops to draw real dresses worn by beautiful and supercilious young ladies.

And, as has already been mentioned, there were the whisky bottles. So spacious were the times that they were full of real whisky. After they had served their still-life purpose they were passed along to the printers' room where they were uncorked and tilted—a printers' perquisite. But already, in the 'nineties, this pleasant practice was drawing to a close (as a result, I don't mind betting, of the restless ingenuity of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, resident Chancellor of the decade, who after adding a penny to the income-tax would be

obliged, for a long time to come, to confine himself to indirect taxation) and coloured water was being substituted for the kindly spirit. W. R. F. well remembers the last whisky-holding whisky bottle to reach Messrs. Banks; well remembers, too, the face of the printer, one Jimmy Gemmell, to whom it had been handed. There had been a long spell of coloured water and he, good, thrifty man, uncorked the bottle for future use and emptied its contents down the sink. As the last drop disappeared his nose twitched, his frame stiffened, and his eyes grew glassy.

In the life of the apprentice there were not many hours of leisure, but the lack of recreation does not seem to have weighed heavily upon him. He has never counted parties and social gatherings among his pleasures, so that visits of an evening to the Royal Scottish Watercolour Society's and the Royal Scottish Academy's exhibitions; the short, solitary walks through the fields in the mornings, when the Pentland Hills stood up in the early light; an occasional outing in a little boat with his brother, taking snapshots of heavy trawlers or, at regatta times, of racing yachts—these combined to give him what he wanted most, a window in Banks' prison wall. At all times and in all worlds there are prevailing modes, and the 'nineties were exceptionally full of them. This was the heyday of, amongst other movements, the "blob" style in water-colour. Its chief practitioner was Arthur Melville (A.R.W.S. 1888), a considerable artist (see his "Little Bull-fight" at the Victoria and Albert Museum), who owed something to R. W. Allan (A.R.W.S. 1887) and in turn had his effect on Sir Frank Brangwyn. Melville with his pattern-making blobs constituted the first influence of which Russell Flint was aware since the days when he sat watching his father.

Other influences were also at work. The Flint circle contained a number of booklovers. There was an uncle who was always glad to see his nephews on a Saturday evening and give them the run of his library; there was another old friend with even more books; and almost everyone who came to the house seemed able and anxious to talk about books. In the house itself, the boy could see periodicals like *The Studio* (founded in 1893 and so, at that time, still something of a novelty) and *The Poster*, and through these he became acquainted with the work of Beardsley, Whistler and other famous contemporaries, both British and Continental. He studied, with an already professional eye, Byam Shaw's illustrations of Browning's poems and when, about this time, he bought his first book of poetry, he chose a one-volume selection from Keats, illustrated by Anning Bell. ("Put in something nice," he said, when he was going through the manuscript of these pages, "about Anning Bell's *Keats*. I still think it beautiful." I don't see how I can "put in" anything better.) And then at Banks', where he was sometimes set to design book-plates and end papers, stray volumes from the Vale Press in this way reached his hands, familiarising him with what men like Ricketts and Shannon were doing.

All these interests were, no doubt, already forming his sense (now his intuition) of balanced composition. Notice his silence on the *Yellow Book*, which southerners are apt to reckon, in their parochial way, the epitome of the 'nineties. The reflection of greenery-yallery hardly tinged the Scottish painters, though they were less successful in dodging, a little later, *l'art nouveau*. Far wider and deeper and, on two generations of Scottish painters, more

enduring in its effect was the influence of the Glasgow School. But in the work of W. R. F., and especially in his later work, I do not recognise many altars before which he has prostrated himself, and I believe that he would support this view. In the early nineteen-twenties he spent a long time studying the work of the "new" men, the "moderns," but decided in the end that there was nothing in it which chimed with anything in him, and that he had better return to himself without compromise. But he did not, like many of his contemporaries, lock his door on the inside. Few artists of his age and standing are more often to be met to-day in the galleries of dealers and societies.

The digression has not been unintentional. It gives, or is meant to give, some measure of the boy's efforts to escape into a wider world. The strange, grim childhood went slowly on; strange because it was not strange, because it was the normal life not of little wage slaves but of the sons of the solid classes of a nation; grim for reasons already stated and for more besides. The company at Banks', to which he had been handed over for six impressionable years, offered no encouragement in anything but technical proficiency, and even this was in many cases meaningless, the cultivation of aptitude unbacked by ambition. With nothing behind it, it led to nothing. Original or novel ideas, deductions or developments, these were entirely lacking, so that when W. R. F. devised some ornamental panels in the "rococo" style then coming into fashion and already discernible in all directions, he was asked, suspiciously, "Where did you get the curves from?" At least two of his colleagues—George Girdwood, son of a dairyman, and Geordie Henderson, son of a miner—though as skilled as the rest entered their fathers' professions as soon as their six years were up.

Like the company, the tasks were not of a nature to nourish and comfort a young artist. Take "touching up," for instance. This came round every third week, and involved leaving the "artists' room" and going out to the transferring shop where lithographic printing matter of all the commoner sorts was "transferred" from lithographic paper to heavy lithographic stones. Innumerable minute flaws were inevitable and had to be touched up. (The almost invisible lettering which forms the coloured ground of many bank cheques was a frequent subject of scrutiny. It will be seen that the adjectives "innumerable" and "minute" were not loosely applied. This work, like the rest, was done without a magnifying glass.) Often the apprentice would be called to one of the great printing machines in the big machine room where flaws had developed; and, since it was troublesome to remove the massive stone from its bed, the apprentice would lie prone upon it, working by the light of an electric bulb held aloft by the machine minder. W. R. F. can still recall the pride that he (and the printers) took in his steady hand; can still recall, too, thinking even then that the strain must be bad for his eyes. There was one job which, at his age, would have brought every kind of solace, but it never chanced to come his way. This consisted of going across the road to Middlemass' cake factory and designing scrolls and whirligigs for the sugar icing.

In return for passing his boyhood thus, he rose from nothing a week at first to five shillings a week in his third year, with an ultimate goal in his sixth year of twelve shillings and sixpence for every fifty hours, or threepence an hour. These terms were evidently considered fair and reasonable or his father, who had long acquaintance with the rates and practice of the trade, would not have

accepted them. No one, indeed, dreamed of questioning them; they were normal; and his father had done well in getting him taken by Banks', a firm much sought after by parents with sons. If, in this narrative, Mr. Flint has so far appeared as a stern disciplinarian, the time has come to set him in his true light. He was an eager and kindly man, living on terms of happy companionship with his children, taking them for bicycle rides, teaching them fencing and single-stick, throwing his interests and pleasures into the family pool and encouraging the other members to do the same. Besides his natural affection, he had a sense of duty, being a captain, in his Ward detachment, of the High Constables of Edinburgh, a volunteer body dating from the days of James I of England.

"How my father," W. R. F., no mean judge of hard work, has told me, "could toil so hard, be so merry, maintain a pleasant, spacious home and garden (a row of silver poplars were an especial delight), raise a family and give all five members of it and a maid four weeks' fine holiday every year, buy many books, sometimes choice and expensive ones, and still contrive to save money remains to me a most admirable mystery." The other apprentices at Banks' were given a fortnight's holiday a year. Mr. Flint insisted on a month for his boy, and got it.

But however much father and son were, in their different ways, the victims of Time and Place, effects did not stop following causes. There came a point when the conditions of his existence began to crush the boy beneath a growing load of depression. He was rescued by the commonest of miracles, the most miraculous of everyday occurrences—the sudden formation of a friendship, his first. A young man named Thornton Shiells, whose master had retired from business, came to Banks & Co. to serve the last year of his apprenticeship, and he and W. R. F. took an immediate liking to one another. Shiells, the son of an architect, was an exceptionally able young man, of whom I shall have more to say later. At Banks' he was regarded as a genius—a description not lightly applied in that stern and competent seminary. Though skill does not necessarily make a friend more sympathetic, it made him, in this instance, far more helpful. When his year was up he left Edinburgh and found employment in London as an illustrator of medical publications. He came back to Edinburgh more than once to spend Christmas at home and to visit the Flints. A few months after the last of these occasions he sent W. R. F. the offer of a job, companion to his own and in the same firm. A chance to leave Banks' and join Shiells in London called for little deliberation. Banks thought so, too; and when W. R. F. applied for release from the last few weeks of his apprenticeship, said, "If you think you're going to London to be an artist, you're a young fool. You'd better stick to photographing boats." In addition to this advice he added something about thirty-five shillings a week, and was annoyed when both suggestions were unheeded.

Just before Shiells' letter arrived, W. R. F. had given signs of growing emancipation by deserting the family holiday to spend with his younger brother* the month on the Continent. Dieppe, Rouen, Paris (it was the year of the Great Exhibition), Brussels, Antwerp, Amsterdam, The Hague, Dordrecht, Rotterdam, Leith—not bad going in four weeks, and how typical of the

* R. Purves Flint, A.R.W.S. 1932; R.W.S. 1937.

first trip abroad of so many of us! I once asked him what was the liveliest and most enduring recollection of those thirty days. The unpretentiousness of his reply delighted me—it is so very characteristic. He said "Losing our way in the Ryks Museum, and both of us becoming conscious that, whichever way we turned, there were acres of rosy-cheeked Dutchmen in black, and being simultaneously overcome with the giggles."

So, in 1900, the six years survived and the age of twenty attained, W. R. F. joined Shiells at Messrs. Bale, Sons and Danielsson in Great Titchfield Street. Shiells, London, and forty-five shillings a week; and one more quiet young man walking home from work, giving no sign that he is intoxicated by excitement and happiness. But they were not, in truth, of long duration. He was far freer, of course, and happier than he had been at Banks', but the work he had to do was not appreciably gayer, for it consisted of making, from microscopic slides or directly from the "specimen," coloured drawings of diseases of the eye, bullet wounds (Boer War), and examples of leprosy from the Andaman Islands. He was warned, before he started, never to lick his brush. . . . Shiells loved it all—never left it, in fact, and long before his death in 1941 had been recognised as the leader of his profession—and it had not occurred to him that there were stomachs more squeamish than his own. Nothing, in any case, would have stopped W. R. F. snatching at the chance to leave Banks'. Before long, however, he began to look round; and to rid himself of the day's horrible flavour, as well as to satisfy his growing interest in black-and-white, he took to going to Heatherley's in the evenings.

After eighteen months he eventually left Bale's, but the break came about slowly and gradually. His father had died, and family friends came forward, on a kindly impulse, with an introduction to John Dickinson and Co., Ltd., famous papermakers of Hemel Hempstead. For a while now W. R. F. worked at Heatherley's one half of the week and for Dickinson's the other. His new employment, although affording only limited scope for a future Academician and President of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, was at least not entirely mechanical. There were lettering and little designs to be invented, and he found pleasure in both these tasks. Some of his designs still meet his eye, from time to time, in stationers' shops in the country, decorating boxes of notepaper and the bands round packets of envelopes. By now they are copies of copies of copies, each copy a trifle worse than its predecessor, but even the latest of them claiming, no doubt, to be the facsimile of the design made forty years ago.

Forty years ago the weekly pictorial papers like the *Illustrated London News* and the now deceased *Graphic* depended almost entirely for their illustrations on the work of black-and-white artists. One of the most popular of these periodicals bore, in fact, the title of *Black and White*. Though often forced to draw hastily, in discomfort, and from a position they would not willingly have chosen, these men maintained a high standard and may be said to have formed a school or even schools. To anyone who remembers their era, their efforts and their repute, it is not at all surprising that a young artist, and especially a frustrated young artist like W. R. F., should turn an ambitious eye towards

the profession of black-and-white draughtsman. And so, as already mentioned, he had taken to attending the evening classes at Heatherley's—now in Baker Street, but at that time in Newman Street.

Among the other students at this School of Fine Art was a well-dressed gentleman of middle age, with the best paints, brushes and equipment that money could buy, and no talent. He was an object at once of amusement and of general and affectionate regard; for, so far from showing resentment, he would lead the laughter caused by his efforts. This uncommon pupil was the Honorable Maurice Portman, retired Assistant Superintendent of the same Andaman Isles whose lepers provided employment at Messrs. Bale. Being aware of W. R. F.'s ambition he offered, with characteristic good nature, to show some of his drawings to Rudolf Lehmann of *Punch*, a friend of his. Lehmann thought well enough of them to take them to the next *Punch* dinner, where his opinion was confirmed by his colleagues and especially by Sir Bernard Partridge who, having expressed a wish to buy one of the drawings, was persuaded to accept it as a present. The famous cartoonist was at that time—like all the staff of the paper—searching anxiously for a successor to George du Maurier, whose death in 1896 had left a large and still gaping hole in the pages of *Punch*; and he offered much sound and encouraging advice on the cultivation of the requisite personal style. Unfortunately, W. R. F. had an obstinate dislike of drawing with the pen and so, after a little while and a few commissions, the half-open door closed again. He himself says that the chance came a trifle too soon, before he was fitted to seize it. I dare say he is right. But though a position on the staff of *Punch* would, at this stage, have been a long step forwards and saved him a further period of anxiety and hardship, it is difficult to believe it would have satisfied him for long. As a training school for draughtsmen and writers, *Punch* has certain well-defined if limited virtues, such as neatness of execution, economy of method and avoidance of superfluity; but they seem more likely to hamper than to help a man destined to take his place among the landscape and figure painters.

After this glimpse of recognition, the sunless days that followed must have been doubly hard to bear. For just a year W. R. F. hawked his drawings up and down Fleet Street. Only an unwanted journalist, actor or musician will thoroughly appreciate the implication of that sentence, the dreadful depression of that existence. For many people, too, it is an experience that never ends; and though the majority of these are, no doubt, incompetent, there is no known meter to show that their sufferings are thereby the less. Moreover, though we can all see to-day that W. R. F. was bound to emerge before long from the dismal valley, there must have been periods when he found it hard to maintain the confidence now felt by others.

Eventually, it was a man whom everyone recognised as a rising young editor who spotted the man whom nobody else recognised as a rising young artist. This was Mr. Bruce Ingram, then as now editor of the *Illustrated London News*—the doyen and the first of such periodicals, having been founded by his grandfather a hundred years ago. In those days the illustrated weeklies always carried a story or stories with one or two drawings inset; and he, having a new Max Pemberton MS., handed it over to an untried artist whose portfolio happened to please him—a mark of confidence in his own judgment and the

other's skill. The story was entitled "At the Gates of Brede," and it appeared with its illustrations in the number dated December 26, 1903. In the career of the artist, then twenty-three years old, the occasion is the most important so far recorded.

The commission might well have had, like the drawings admired by the staff of *Punch*, no sequel. But eighteen months separated the two chances, and that is a long time in the life of an artist in the early twenties. W. R. F. was ready for this opening. He stepped firmly through the door into the warmth and light, and that was the end of outer darkness.

For four years, 1903-7, he was on the staff of the *Illustrated London News*, not only collaborating with authors, but attending functions of all kinds as "our special artist." One of his first journeys was to Chatsworth, where the amateur theatricals of a distinguished house-party (King Edward and Queen Alexandra, the Duke of Devonshire, Miss Muriel Wilson, A. J. Balfour, Mrs. Willie James and others) provided the feature of the Season and a further mark of his editor's satisfaction. He covered premières and gala performances, openings, foundings and launchings, processions and reviews as well as depicting scenes—full page, dramatic, and largely or even wholly imaginary—in our own and other people's wars. This meant that at least once a week he worked right through the night in his little studio in George Street, Portman Square, so that on the stroke of ten o'clock next morning he and his drawings would reach the office; and when, exhausted and not very spruce, he got back to his lodgings shortly before noon he found, as every actor and journalist knows, that English landladies are always eager to suspect the worst. But in spite of the long hours and frequent changes of address, life was interesting and exciting. The martial scenes show more than anything else how rapidly he was rising in his new profession; for of all the black-and-white artists-journalists none were so famous and exclusive as the specialists in War. Melton Prior, Frederick Villiers and R. Caton Woodville are three names by which almost anyone over the age of fifty can be carried back to the early years of the century. They were possibly the most widely known artists in the Britain of their day. The world has changed, their trade has gone, that anonymous and tireless eye-witness, the camera, has long replaced them, but their names were household names comparable (for the enlightenment of a younger generation) with those of Fougasse, Low, and even Alvar Liddell.

It was a world full of specialised worlds. Thanks to his versatility, young Russell Flint was free of the frontiers, but he never, or so he says, cared for the jobs which required him to make rapid and recognisable portraits of celebrities. The Royal Family caused him especial trouble; the public is critical, the difficulties greater than usual. Once, getting too near to King Edward, he received a glance that he has never forgotten. The week's programme was arranged and divided at Monday morning meetings at the office of the *Illustrated London News*—the stage interviews, the political elections, the public processions and the other items of still unborn news were handed round. It is worth recording that at one of these Monday gatherings the future President of the R.W.S. first met his close friend, the future President of the Royal Institute of Water-colour Painters, Norman Wilkinson. Everyone knows his sea pictures; not everyone knows of his services as camouflage artist in two great wars.

Amid this variety of work W. R. F. grew in repute as an illustrator of stories, and long before his four years ended the magazines of fiction were competing for his services. He was a free lance. Although he might have had a contract of £600 a year, and for several years, he had characteristically preferred to be without it. By now he was feeling sure of himself—"cocksure" is his own description—and determined not to be tied again. So in addition to supplying the *Illustrated London News* with two drawings a week he made time to accept work offered by *Pearson's*, *The Quiver* and especially the *Pall Mall Magazine*, then edited by George Halkett. This fellow Scot was one of the first to notice and commission him; he also gave him severe and beneficial lectures, as an editor should. Many of the stories illustrated by W. R. F. in those days are still being read to-day. Jack London's, for instance, some Kiplings and one of Q's, and one which gave him peculiar pleasure, *The Duel*, by Joseph Conrad. He continued to work for the *Pall Mall Magazine* after Halkett's death, when the editorship passed to Charles Morley, nephew of the statesman.

In short, W. R. F. seemed to be reaching a very pleasant position, for monthly magazines were then in the heyday of their prosperity, and were compelled and able to pay high rates to authors and artists in demand. *The Strand*, *Harmsworth's*, *Pearson's*, *The English Illustrated*, *The Windsor*, *The Pall Mall*—these I recall, and there must have been as many more that I forget. Everybody, it seemed, took in at least one of them. People travelling to house parties would leave their copies in the railway carriage, knowing they would find others on the table in the hall. Hospitals were littered with them; with more than oriental bargainings schoolboys, keeping abreast of four or five serials simultaneously, would swap them. But from the mouth of this gold mine W. R. F. turned away. He was wearying of the limitations of black-and-white and becoming aware once again of a deep and presently an irresistible desire to extend his range, to link up old knowledge and new. He had never dropped water-colour—indeed, that is a half-hearted way of describing his addiction to the medium, for from the year of his marriage (1905) onwards he exhibited regularly in the water-colour section of the Royal Academy exhibitions. So now, struck by the possibilities suggested by Arthur Rackham's drawings for *Rip Van Winkle*, he began to experiment in coloured illustration.

Two good commissions were not slow in coming his way. For Philip Lee Warner (then with Messrs. Chatto & Windus) he undertook to provide material for a new edition of Thomas à Kempis; and an urgent request from Messrs. Cassell, who wanted thirty-two plates for *King Solomon's Mines*, was also met, at the price of a shortened honeymoon. Rider Haggard—not, reputedly, an easy man to please—having expressed himself satisfied, the volume duly reached publication. It was W. R. F.'s first book.

All this reads very gratifying. Yet, although another ten years were to pass before, according to his own testimony, he even began to entertain the idea of adopting easel painting as a profession, at this moment he gave one more of those signs—there have been some already—that he was not altogether happy and harmonious. He decided to hold a one-man show, and for this purpose he rented the New Dudley Gallery in Piccadilly. The exhibition consisted solely of water-colours—a number of landscapes done (as he has always done them) on the spot, "direct from nature and not too comfortably,"

and a new set of illustrations, uncommissioned, for *The Song of Solomon*.

Like all artists who hold an exhibition, he nursed twin hopes—that it would be a success and that it would, in one way or another, “lead to something.” The first of these was far from being realised, for the enterprise involved him in the alarming loss of £92. But before the show was over and before, therefore, the full liability had to be faced, the second wish was granted. Philip Lee Warner, now in a new capacity, saw and secured the *Solomon* drawings for the first volume to issue from the Riccardi Press—the name given to limited *éditions de luxe* projected by the Medici Society.

The alliance with Philip Lee Warner resulted in seven or eight important productions and lasted a long time, but chronologically it was not unbroken. The first venture was the *Imitation of Christ*, published in 1908 by Messrs. Chatto & Windus. It was bound in embossed leather, an adaptation of a German binding of the late fifteenth century; and there were twelve full-page coloured illustrations, each comprising a portion of the text in special lettering beneath the actual picture, and sometimes a *predella* as well. In addition, there were three line drawings for the title and contents pages and occasional ornamental end pieces and fly-leaf decorations. All these are of great interest, not only in themselves but also because they represent the artist's exploration of new territory, as far as the coloured plates are concerned. Line drawing had long ceased to hold any secrets for him, and the line drawings in the volume have a tenseness and precision which he could hardly exceed to-day. The coloured illustrations seem to me to be less uniform, more experimental, younger, more eager, less sure of themselves.

Soon after this came the joint launching of the Riccardi Press and the *Song of Solomon*, and there followed in succession from the same combination a *Marcus Aurelius* and a *Morte d'Arthur* which, consisting of four volumes, kept W. R. F. engaged for two years. And then, after Kingsley's *Heroes*, the first interruption occurred.

The publishing firm of George Bell & Sons had let it be known through the agency of the Leicester Galleries that they had in mind an illustrated edition of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas if a suitable artist were forthcoming. In the Galleries' early days W. R. F. had called on the founder, Ernest Brown, with a parcel of water-colours. He had not “interested” the man of business, but he had gained the approval of the judge of art, and Brown had taken him across Leicester Square to the office of the *Studio* and secured for him a useful notice in the magazine. Russell Flint was not a new name to the editor, because a drawing of a trawler rolling on a long, gentle swell (it was one of the sketches made in that small boat shared with his brother on the Firth of Forth) had once won a competition, and a guinea, in the *Studio*. No doubt this helped the interview, but it did nothing to lessen the kindness and opportuneness of Ernest Brown's action.

Recollecting him now, Brown drew his attention to Messrs. Bell's needs; the artist did the rest. In all, he illustrated eight of the operas, two volumes of four apiece—Vol. I, appearing in 1909 with a Foreword by Gilbert, contained *The Pirates of Penzance*, *Patience*, *Princess Ida*, and *The Yeomen of the Guard*, and Vol. II, a year later, with *Iolanthe*, *The Mikado*, *Ruddigore* and *The Gondoliers*.

The original drawings were later purchased, a complete set, by Marcus B. Huish—he had commissioned Whistler to make his famous Venetian etchings, and was a most influential man in the art world of that time—for exhibition at the Fine Art Society. This, the artist's first one-man show since his *début* at the Dudley Gallery, was the beginning of a long and happy connection—all the happier for the absence of anything like a contract—with the Bond Street establishment. With its present controller, Ernest Proctor Dawbarn, what started as a profitable business alliance has grown into close friendship.

The reception of the Savoy books was highly satisfactory to all concerned, but the work proved very fatiguing, condemning the artist to endless touring of suburban and provincial theatres and to wearisome journeys home late at night. So W. R. F. retired at the end of Volume II, and Philip Lee Warner, with a Chaucer in his hand, welcomed him back. A *Canterbury Tales* in three volumes duly joined Malory and the rest, and then a Theocritus was planned. But W. R. F., having worked unremittingly from the age of 14 with only one memorable holiday, was feeling like another. He was now (1912) thirty-two years old; by his gifts and industry, and without any outside help, he had made for himself a name and a position; and, as a result, he was squeezing from the world an income which wavered between the quiet figure of £450 and the still far from strident one of £650. Deciding that the time had come to see what a thorough change would do for him, and for the world, he took his wife and himself to Italy for a twelvemonth. Lee Warner made the best of a bad job by pressing into his hand a copy of Andrew Lang's translation of the *Idylls* and murmuring in his ear of the charm of Sicily.

Just as the Flints were preparing to leave, another commission—a stray, unexpected affair, and a particularly welcome prelude to an expensive trip—made its appearance. W. R. F. was asked to call on a gentleman who, in his suite at Claridge's Hotel, had composed a medieval narrative poem and was now looking round for twenty coloured and numerous black-and-white illustrations. His terms, and the artist's specimen drawings, alike proved satisfactory, and an agreeable bargain was struck.*

And now at last, while W. R. F. is buying two tickets to Rome, I have a moment in which to effect the reader's introduction to the lady who for seven years had been bearing his name. Amongst his fellow-students at Heatherley's was a friend of the Sueters, and in this way the first meeting chanced to occur. Swift friendship was not hampered by Miss Sueter's tact in belonging to a Naval family and in producing a brother in what, for W. R. F., has always been the only possible alternative profession to his own. This brother, now Admiral Sir Murray Sueter, C.B., M.P., was then the youngest Commander in the Navy. The first captain of Submarine A1, he was a pioneer in many other directions—the naval use of wireless, and later in the development of tanks. He is also the inventor and patent-holder of the torpedo-carrying plane.†

* *Sir Christopher*, by A. E. Jessup. It had been published already, in 1908, without illustrations.

† Of great interest at this moment (July 1942) is the view of the Royal Commission on Awards to Inventors on one of Commodore Sueter's many activities in the last war. "This officer contributed in a definite degree to the evolution and adoption of the tanks. He appreciated at an early date (February 1915) and urged on Mr. Winston Churchill the importance of caterpillar traction for attack across country."

The marriage took place in 1905, and it is not surprising that the only child has grown up a sailor and an artist. (As I remarked in my opening paragraph, these Flints seem to run true to type.) He is a member—the youngest one, I imagine—of the R.O.I.; he is also the hero (in the first meaning of that word) of one of the finest stories of adventure which even this war has produced. It begins with the sinking of his destroyer off the Malayan coast, continues by river, land and sea until the day when, just before the fall of Singapore, he brought his nineteen survivors safely to that base. It is far too stirring a tale to be compressed or scamped, and I do not mean to try to tell it here. But it would vindicate any father and mother, however worthless their lives; in the case of his own parents, any tributes to their character I might pay are in advance made trivial by it.

We left them starting for Italy. The first few weeks there were passed in Orvieto and Subiaco, in walks by day about the Sabine hills and in Italian lessons in the evenings from one of the nuns at the convent—the only place where rooms were obtainable. On moving to Rome, the Flints stayed in a pension in the via Babuino at nine lire a day for each, dinner or supper not included. A studio was found in the grounds of the Villa Strohl-Fern, situated on the little hill on the right of the via Flaminia soon after it leaves the Porta del Popolo. It is a lovely situation, though lately the view has not been improved by certain blocks of flats, and from the studio's roof the new tenants could look on to the Pincio and hear the band, or across the Tiber to St. Peter's, or along the via Flaminia to the Villa Papa Giulio, or to the Campagna. Many English tourists have visited, or at least remarked, the estate. Not so many know its name or how it got it.

Strohl-Fern was an Alsatian. He bought the ground in 1870, and as taxes grew he began, and continued, the erection of studios here and there on his property. Their rentals paid the taxes, and he liked having artists about the place. He was himself a sculptor of sorts and an example of his art, in the shape of a cement tree with tin leaves, stood outside the Teutonic residence he had built for himself. His chef d'œuvre was a life-size group entitled "Alsatian Maiden Repelling a Prussian Dragoon," and he delighted in telling how he found the correct pose for the maiden. Before dining with a friend, he had sought and obtained permission to embrace the friend's wife. At the chosen moment Strohl-Fern, with open arms, bore down upon the astonished lady and was suitably repelled. He had got his pose.

To regulate the very mild Bohemianism of his artistic community, he framed and hung in the porter's lodge a notice "Regolimenti per Modelli." It was a magnificent thing, in Gothic script and thus practically illegible. But as the models were almost all illiterate, this mattered little.

He was especially fond of the English and showed his sense of their superiority in the most practical way, by stinging them for rent and extras; for besides letting the studios he hired out the furnishings. W. R. F. can still supply an inventory of his:

- | | |
|--|------------------------------|
| 1 pea green divan, very old and spotted. | 2 tables, rickety. |
| 1 heating stove. | 2 kitchen chairs, very fine. |
| 1 oil lamp, out of order. | 2 rugs, past their best. |
| 2 palms at their best, spreading to the windows and reaching to the ceiling. | |

Once, when stranded for the night in Scotland, he had been offered shelter in a mansion where the company dressed for dinner, and he had never forgotten the experience. Evening clothes were a touchstone. A dinner jacket was enough. It was a symbol, a proof, of "noble blood"; and by pronouncing blood to rhyme with mood he seemed to intensify its blueness. I have heard that he was born Strohl and that after twin passions—England and *aspidia*—had long fought for mastery in his esteem, he added Fern to his patronymic, and thus with one word reconciled and indulged both cravings.

Those were happy days for the Flints, he painting, she organising her famous Sunday tea-parties for the benefit of English and American friends, and both of them, in their spare time, exploring Rome and the surrounding country. When winter ended an unhurried tour was made through Florence, Perugia, Naples, Capri, Amalfi, Sicily and, via Venice, home. W. R. F. had completed his commissions, he was rested, the world had grown wider, the trip had been, except for one small qualification, all that he had hoped it might be. The little qualification concerns the colour of the Italian landscape.

Although he brought back with him a number of pencil sketches and about two score of water-colours (*Peasant Art in Italy*, published by the Studio 1913, contains two coloured reproductions) he found Italy, so enjoyable to live in, rather disappointing to paint. He says it is too pale, and that this paleness struck him from the first, while he was still exploring the Sabine hills. "The sun-bleached, creamy masonry," so he wrote, "the silver-grey rocks, the grey-green olive trees, the pretty pink- and blue-washed little houses, the mountains which, constructed so nobly, ought to have looked magnificent but were just faint shimmers, the uninteresting skies and, last but not least, the utter *picturesqueness* of everything—I loved it all but pictorially it didn't grip me."

The dark, rich landscape of Scotland is what he best likes to render; and after Scotland, Spain, and next in order Southern France. The English scene is something he is only just discovering, now that the Continent is inaccessible. Most of his English paintings are, so far, of Devon (see Plates 90, 120 and 122); and it was always likely, I think, that he would first be attracted to that county, or to Wales, or the Lake country.

Back in London, he resumed working with Philip Lee Warner, and an *Odyssey* was planned as a successor to the *Theocritus*. Outwardly, he seemed to be taking up the same sort of work on the same sort of terms in the same surroundings as before. But the effects of that Italian year were, in fact, still strong upon him when, just as the *Homer* was completed, there came a break more sudden and violent than anything that he could have planned. The Archduke Ferdinand was assassinated at Serajevo.

But since W. R. F.'s life, like almost everybody else's, was destined to be very different after the war from what it had been before, I will not immediately proceed without leaving the story, or that part of it which deals with the illustrated books, a little tidier. As already mentioned, the artist was engaged on this work for a longish period—six or seven years—and as it was, in my view, a peculiarly influential experience for him, I want to describe it more fully.

The most important volumes that he illustrated are:

Of the Imitation of Christ (Chatto & Windus, 1908).

The Song of Solomon (Riccardi Press, 1909).

Savoy Operas (G. Bell & Son, Vol. I, 1909; Vol. II, 1910).

The Scholar Gipsy and *Thyrsis* (Medici Society, 1910).

Morte d'Arthur (Riccardi Press, 4 vols., 1910-11. The volumes came out singly during the two years, and each bears the double date on the title page).

Kingsley's Heroes (Riccardi Press, 1912).

Canterbury Tales (Riccardi Press, 3 vols., 1913).

Theocritus, Bion and Moschus (Riccardi Press, 2 vols., 1922).

Odyssey (Medici Society, 1924. Planned as a 2-vol. edition, this was ultimately published in one).

W. R. F. collected the entire series for my examination. The Riccardi Press productions, besides being the most numerous, call for a brief description for the benefit of people who have never seen them. The edition, in each case, was limited to five hundred copies. Bound in soft vellum and printed in specially designed type with wide margins on hand-made paper, they form a noteworthy link in the history (from William Morris down through Charles Ricketts) of the revival of book production in Great Britain. They must always have had a sumptuous air. In the paper-rated conditions of to-day, they seem to go out of their way to mock our austerity. Five fly-leaves at the beginning of each volume, and another five at the end, repose white and idle as odalisques, all ten of them doing absolutely nothing save be their superfine, beautiful selves.

In this provisional biography, which I have not the wish or the knowledge to make a critical one, I hoped to avoid giving opinions on an art I have never practised. But now a point has been reached when I see no way of making the painter's career, and especially his subsequent career, plain and coherent unless I express certain views that I have formed.

When, as a successful black-and-white draughtsman working for the Press, he turned away to make coloured illustrations for books, he was setting forth once again on a course that was new, or largely new, to him.* It was not the first, or the last, time that he turned a corner. His career, as must have been noticed, is full of corners turned; so far from avoiding them he seems to have looked for them, attracted by their angularity. In short he is, and his life shows it, a man stimulated rather than deterred by technical ignorance and technical difficulties. I don't know how to do that—I must learn—now I know how—those, it seems to me, have always been familiar and successive states or stages of his mind. The same three stages, repeated again and again, are discernible in many artists, including most (though not quite all) of the greatest; but they are not, as a rule, a continuing feature of British Academicians.

During the six or seven years he devoted to coloured illustrations he found himself confronted with (so it strikes me) the toughest contest of his career. Before the determination of his attack, difficulties are wont to fly. But here his rate of progress, though sure, was steady. Each volume shows an advance in freedom—freedom in treatment, freedom from influences—on its predecessor, but I receive the impression, from nothing but the evidence of the drawings themselves, that he first saw his way clearly before him and felt happy at what he saw when he was making the drawings for *The Heroes*. There seems to me

* For details of the methods used by W. R. F. in making coloured illustrations, see Mr. G. S. Sandilands' Introduction to *Famous Water-colour Painters, No. 2, W. Russell Flint, A.R.A.*, published by The Studio Ltd., 1928.

to be a bigger advance between the previous volume, the *Malory*, and the *Kingsley* than between any other two volumes in the list; and it is only in the *Kingsley* and the succeeding productions, and not in the preceding ones, that the artist's most characteristic qualities become evident. By the end of the series, progress continuing all the time, he was doing work which makes his subsequent success in no need of explanation.

As will be seen presently, this success, or perhaps I should say this recognition, when it came was extremely rapid. But it cannot have descended like dew; it must, on the contrary, have risen on foundations which were not only solid but visible to the world. The natural place to look for them is the work that a man is doing before the honours begin to accumulate. I looked, and I believe I found what I was looking for.

Flushed with discovery, I hastened to give W. R. F. the benefit of my analysis. He listened with his usual politeness and good humour, and contented himself with remarking that he liked the *Theocritus* the best because it was the best reproduced.

The drawings for the *Theocritus* and for the *Homer* lay idle for nine years, and were not published until the war was over. Some time later there were other editions of the Riccardi books. Being much cheaper and not limited to 500 copies, they reached a wider public. A few American publishers even thought that they had spotted a new man. But by that time W. R. F. could write A.R.A. after his name and (save for some last little flutters a few years later) had said good-bye for ever to book illustration.*

The husband of one sailor's daughter and the son of another's—from early Georgian to Victorian times and later, his mother's forbears engaged in coastal shipping in Scottish home waters—he joined the R.N.V.R. He was first gazetted lieutenant in this, and then attached to the Royal Naval Air Service—what we should call to-day, I suppose, the Fleet Air Arm. (As a note on the tortuous history of the British flying service or services, it may be mentioned here that, in April 1918, the R.N.A.S. and R.F.C. combined to form the newly named Royal Air Force.) Early in the campaign he was grabbed by his brother-in-law, Murray Sueter, the Director of the Naval Air Department, and told to stand by until, with two other young men—Captain Spencer, a popular balloonist, and Mr. Percy Smyth, a solicitor of Melton Mowbray—he was marked for special duty. This consisted, in the beginning, of a training period of nine months, spent in travelling from depot to depot studying and working at each. At the end of that time W. R. F. being able to make (and having made) every part of a non-rigid airship as well as something far more difficult—a perfect spherical balloon—became an inspector of rigid airships. Inspection being interpreted in its widest sense to cover everything from the quality of linen and cotton fabrics to participation in maiden flights, the work was not without its adventures. The least promising of these occurred one late after-

* *Judith* (1928) and *Tobit and Susanna* (1929), published by Mr. Ernest G. Halton for the Haymarket Press. W. R. F. and Ernest Halton were (and are) old friends; they had already collaborated over *Peasant Art in Italy*. And *Airmen or Noahs* (Pitman, 1928), Rear-Admiral Sir Murray Sueter's plea for collaboration between naval and air forces with coloured illustrations of smoke screens, bombing ships from the air and other prophetic ideas of a similar nature, then officially regarded as "fantastic."

noon in Spring when, as the airship was returning from duty with a Scandinavian convoy, the port amidships engine broke down. Against the rising wind the three remaining engines could not drive the great "rigid,"—600 ft. long. While the taut hull, heavy with sleet, pitched and lurched lower and lower, Warrant Officer Middleton sweated in the tiny "power-egg" slung below and worked with patient fury at the lifeless engine. His artificial respiration took effect and the engine's heart beat again just in time, "and so gave me the chance to paint a good many more water-colours."

I have heard him pass, I think, only two other observations on his experiences during the war of 1914-18, but all three seem to me to have a certain significant connection and so to be worth recording. In his early days in the Service he was pleased and surprised to find that he could perform the physical training exercises no less easily than the young men who had had an athletic upbringing at a public school. And when, in 1916, he was appointed Admiralty overseer at the Inchinnan Airship Station, he was again surprised and pleased when the Director of the Glasgow School of Art (Fra H. Newbery), his Professor of Painting (Maurice Greiffenhagen, a newly made A.R.A.) and his Professor of Design (R. Anning Bell, also an A.R.A.) cordially invited him to visit them and placed a studio at his disposal whenever he might find time to use it. He never found time to use the War Artist's permit sent to him in 1918, though he longed to do so. It spelt freedom for a serving sailor. The official commission offered to him in the present war he has refused. To a man long accustomed to choose his own subjects, they spell restriction. His old hatred of being tied. . . .

What are sometimes called the odds and ends of memory, recollections—and particularly those of a supreme experience—which endure twenty-five years should not, however casual they may appear, be lightly dismissed as haphazard or fortuitous. I believe that the three memories which, without design, he picked from the top of the heap owe their prominent position to a change then taking place in him, and to their intimate relation to that change. The first showed him, as he stared down at the icy sea, that in the face of peril he could behave as well as the next man—always a most cheering and memorable discovery for anyone to make. The second showed that the strain to which he had been subjected since the age of fourteen had not resulted in physical handicap. The last showed that he was recognised and liked by prominent members of a profession he had long, if only half consciously, dreamed of entering.

These discoveries—brought together, if not brought about, by the war—had an effect which became apparent immediately the war ended. This effect was final escape from that fear of risk in which his father, with the best intentions, had bound him; and evidence of new-found emancipation was provided, as soon as he was demobilised, by his decision to be henceforth a painter dependent on his painting. Hitherto he had lived by executing commissions. Now he meant to devote himself to landscape and figure painting, where the chances of a commission are negligible. Whatever happiness the change brought, let no one think that it did not need pluck to make it. This courage came, in my opinion, from a sudden self-confidence which, in its turn, was born of the last few years.

I have always thought it a pity that one cannot make the most harmless generalisation, or simplification, without having to qualify the thing at once, to

stub it and blunt it out of point for fear of remonstrance if not flat contradiction. But that's the way of it, and I must therefore hasten to concede that W. R. F. had already achieved a position far beyond the reach of forty-nine out of every fifty professional painters. Mention has been made of his regular appearances on the walls of the water-colour rooms at Burlington House. In 1914 he had been elected an Associate of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-colours, and in 1917 a full member of that closed (and most select) community. There, for the moment, we will leave the R.W.S., except to note that he had been knocking at the door for seven years. As, in normal times, there are often from thirty to fifty candidates for each vacancy, the long wait though surprising is not inexplicable.

Much more surprising, and very different, is the story of his election, during the presidency of Sir Aston Webb, to the Royal Academy. Up till 1923 he had sent only one oil-painting, and that a small one,* to Burlington House. Water-colour was his medium, not oil; and since water-colourists were not qualified for election to the Academy, whose members consisted of none but painters in oil, engravers, sculptors and architects, his chances of becoming an Associate seemed non-existent. The rule has been changed (not without help from W. R. F.) while these pages are being written, and water-colour—the only medium in which British artists, as a whole, are admitted to have rivalled, if not surpassed, the greatest foreign masters—is now at last an open avenue to Academic honours.

But in 1923 the rule still stood. Early that year, or late in 1922, in the course of conversation in a gallery in Bond Street, W. R. F. chanced to learn that a certain painter was likely to be a favoured candidate at the next Academy elections. The prophecy proved ill-founded, and the artist was not, then or later, elected. But the mere idea, the bare possibility, was enough for W. R. F. He loathed the fancied painter and he abhorred his pictures; and so—in an illogical, perhaps, but very human reaction—he set himself to work on an oil-painting, the most ambitious he had so far attempted. It was a Spanish figure subject realistically painted ("The Delinquents," now the property of Perth Art Gallery, Western Australia), and it was ready in time for, and duly appeared in, the Academy summer exhibition of 1923. People are always interested when a regular tenant of the South Rooms moves into the main galleries; the canvas attracted a good deal of attention, and not from the public only. The exhibition had still some time to run when the artist received a strong and authoritative hint that he might do himself no harm in submitting more oils in future. He complied the following year, 1924, and on the strength of this, his third oil-painting hung at Burlington House ("The Lemnians," now in the National Art Gallery, New South Wales, see Plate 107), he was elected Associate the same season.

He likes to attribute this success to the chance that the members met, that year, in the water-colour room, where one of the best drawings he ever made ("Aragonese Harvesters Resting," see Plate 106) was staring the electors in the face throughout their deliberations. Not having been present, I cannot say; but I am loath to believe that that august assembly would lightly be swayed by factors which—as is so clearly reflected in the rules—did not recommend them-

* "A Gentle Amazon," purchased later by Ghent Art Gallery.

selves to their Founder and First President. Nine years later, Sir William Llewellyn being now President in succession to Sir Frank Dicksee, W. R. F. was elected Academician. I do not know the room.

And that is the story of his election to the Royal Academy, or what I believed it to be, and it seemed to provide another of those dramatic little touches of which a biographer can never find too many. Judge, then, of my annoyance when I happened—but perhaps the incident is best left in dialogue form.

A. P.: "By the way, I saw in some old reference book the other day that you were elected to the Royal Institute of Oil Painters in 1910. You ought to correct that. These errors have a way——"

W. R. F.: "It isn't an error."

A. P.: "But . . . how do you mean? I gathered you had hardly ever painted an oil before the picture you sent to the Academy in 1923."

W. R. F.: "Well, I hadn't painted many."

A. P. (after waiting for more): "We can't leave it like that. Readers will be completely mystified. Either I must suppress all reference to the R.O.I.—and that's extremely dangerous, somebody is sure to spot it—or else I must retell, and spoil, the story of your election to the Academy."

W. R. F.: "Yes, I see that. Well, naturally I tried my hand at an occasional oil; and then friends suggested I ought to send some to the R.O.I.; and so I did."

A. P. (disgusted): "And I suppose they were hung?"

W. R. F.: "Yes, they were."

A. P.: "And I suppose you were elected?"

W. R. F.: "Well, yes, somehow or other I was. But cheer up! I soon resigned, you know. I wasn't yet in an oily mood."

A. P.: "It's not very satisfactory, and it's ruined the story."

W. R. F. (humbly): "Yes, I'm afraid it has."

In the belief, the shaky belief, that there are still people who have not written a book, I give this conversation verbatim and without comment. It may direct their energies to channels other than biography and save them needless suffering.

It is time to return to the Royal Society of Painters in Water-colours. Often spoken of as the "Old Water-colour Society," this is not only the senior water-colour association but also, I believe, the second oldest art society in the country, having been founded in 1804. It is thus thirty-six years younger than the Royal Academy. Besides being an ancient body it is, as already mentioned, a "closed" one; that is to say, only members and associates are represented in its exhibitions, which, unlike those of the Academy, are not open to outsiders. There are forty members and about half that number of associates, and at any one of the Society's exhibitions about 200 works will be shown. (The number of water-colours hung at the Royal Academy is usually in the neighbourhood of 250). For a man, then, who is exclusively or principally a water-colour artist—for a man, in short, like W. R. F. in 1914—the letters A.R.W.S. bestow a cachet and privileges comparing very favourably with the benefits enjoyed

by an A.R.A. A great many Academicians seek election to the Society, but since their admission depends upon a factor 'skill in water-colour' hitherto ignored at the senior foundation they may be disappointed. Finally, if they succeed in their candidature, their rank and precedence in the R.W.S. are reckoned, of course, by the length of their membership. One of the oldest Academicians may be (and at this moment is) one of the newest A.R.W.S.

Few laymen, it seems, understand the positions (unrelated as well as relative) of even the most firmly established organisations of artists and, though it means boring the artists, I have thought this brief explanation desirable. Comparatively few people, if it comes to that, visit water-colour exhibitions at all, or the water-colour rooms of mixed exhibitions. For every person who knows anything at all about the R.W.S. there are at least forty or fifty, I suppose, who could give some account of the origin, function and site of the Royal Academy; for every person who hears, tardily and by word of mouth, that young Mr. A. is now A.R.W.S., there must be forty or fifty who read aloud from the newspaper the results of the Academy elections. I do not wish to labour the point, but in the land of Turner, Girtin, Constable, Cox and Cotman, it is surely a very strange one.

Alfred Parsons was President of the R.W.S. in 1914, and he astonished the ex-apprentice of Banks & Co. and the ex-illustrator of medical treatises by telling him he would be well advised to throw away his big brushes and devote more time to the study of detail. The next President, Herbert Pelham Hughes-Stanton, took office in 1921, having already been Vice-President for two years, and he did not relinquish control for another 15 or 16 years. During most of this period the Society was controlled by a powerful triumvirate—Hughes-Stanton, Sir Charles Holmes, and Reginald Hunt; and as their reign ended so recently and will be so well remembered in the world of water-colour, I persuaded W. R. F. to overcome, for once, his dislike of commenting upon his friends and to give me an impression of the first two.

"I first met Herbert Hughes-Stanton at Montreuil-sur-Mer, in 1906. William Llewellyn was sharing rooms with him and both were working hard. H. H.-S. regularly produced three water-colours a day. My brother and I were small fry, but he was always smiling and helpful to us. There, too, were R. W. Macbeth, R.A., Walter Bayes (I was afraid of him, he was so aggressively knowledgeable), and Derwent Wood, the Emanuels and Fred Mayor. Bayes, in his penetrating book on *Turner*, refers to this happy little crowd and too modestly adds 'all, except the present writer, have since achieved renown.' Llewellyn was always the schoolmaster and in spite of much association with him at the R.A. and elsewhere I never seemed to get to know him.

"Charles Holmes was a most refreshing man, though his mind always moved too quickly for me. He had acted as a sort of informal art adviser to Lee Warner in his early days and I first met him in that capacity. He, too, was a learned man (I have always regretted my lack of conventional scholarship, a lack which has often kept me dumb even when I knew that my opinion might have been useful) and amongst other contacts I recall an enjoyable morning with him at the National Portrait Gallery, of which he then was Director, listening while he held forth swiftly and wittily, yet so kindly, on the subject of the illustrations I had just completed for Kingsley's *Heroes*. I remember another

talk about another illustration, when he told me I was wrong in setting a cloth head-dress on a Greek goddess. He, who was right 99 times in 100, was wrong on that occasion; and the little victory did me a lot of good. I wish he could have taken the Presidency of the R.W.S., of which he was Vice-President, in 1936. He knew everybody and possessed the double gift of being both fighter and conciliator. All his qualities and qualifications would, I cannot help thinking, have made him a notable President. To my sorrow, he died a few weeks later."

He lost not only a friend but also a man to whom he was looking for support; for on November 30, 1936, Russell Flint was unanimously elected to succeed the retiring President. As it is certain that nothing in his professional life has given him such pleasure as the making of water-colours, so it is certain, I think, that this was the happiest and proudest moment of his career. But for some time to come the happiness was strongly diluted by successive doses of misfortune. Hughes-Stanton and Hunt survived Charles Holmes by a few months only. Their departure gave their period of control the look of an era, and left the new President standing alone amid a litter of broken ties. Loyal and experienced helpers soon came forward—Mr. Harry Philp, for many years assistant secretary, became the secretary, and there were Mr. Cecil Hunt (a Trustee and former Vice-President), Mr. Arthur Underwood, the Society's legal adviser, and not least the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. E. T. Holding, to whom I am personally indebted for much information about this crisis in the Society's history. For crisis it was. Hardly had the new cabinet been formed when there occurred an even more violent and unexpected break with the past.

The Society received notice to quit its quarters at 5A, Pall Mall East. It had had its office and gallery in the same building for close on 120 years, and was as firmly associated in people's minds with that address as St. George's with Hanover Square. A move, therefore, would be no less undesirable than arduous; for the public, slow to learn, is even slower to forget. But as suitable accommodation was not procurable in the new building on the old site, the move was unavoidable in the end. So, at the very moment when his reputation stood higher than ever before, W. R. F.'s brushes and paints lay idle for months while he trudged round London with "Orders to View." The full story of those days is too dreary to tell, but it has a happy ending. Premises (in my opinion better than the old) were eventually found at 26, Conduit Street, in what had been a fashionable club, the Ambassadors'; and for the past four years the exhibitions have been held there. The new gallery consists of a large room on the ground floor and a first-floor balcony running round it. Without a great deal of alteration from its former state it has been turned into one of the pleasantest galleries in London; and some of the pleasantest pictures, too, that the year brings forth are shown there in the spring and autumn exhibitions. It opened, with the Society's 211th Exhibition, on November 18, 1938—almost exactly two years, filled with house hunting, architect's and decorators' plans, committee meetings, lawyers and leases, since the unfortunate and unsuspecting President had bowed his acknowledgments.

One word more, before leaving this topic. I have lately made it my business to encourage such members as I have met to speak their mind on the Society. Only one of them knew that I was engaged on this biographical note.

Several, on the other hand, are men whose approach to their art is different from, and even alien to, Russell Flint's. Yet all have stated roundly that they have an absolutely first-rate President. The truth, which must have become more apparent than ever in the course of the last page, is that he does not undertake a thing unless he means to see it through. In view of the troubles lying in ambush for it in 1937 and 1938, the Society has every reason to congratulate itself on the decision it took on that last day of November, six years ago.

Another of the artist's professional activities still calls for mention in this chronicle; I mean, of course, the etchings. His copper-plate period did not occur till he was nearly fifty, lasted four years and then, a curious loop, ended. But in fact he began to be interested in etching long before he openly practised it—fifteen years before, during the Italian trip 1912-13. Sundry brother artists, strongly supported by Mrs. Russell Flint, were always urging him towards it, and on his return to England he studied the technique for a while at the Hammersmith School of Art. But the lessons came to an abrupt end in 1914, and he seems hardly to have given the subject another thought until 1928. Then he threw himself upon it with characteristic thoroughness, studying under five or more different masters. Three years later he had been elected a member of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and been made the subject of a book.* For not more than another twelve months after the appearance of that volume, W. R. F. continued to make etchings. Then the venture, so suddenly undertaken, was abandoned suddenly. He found it was doing his eyes no good, and he has not touched a plate for ten years. But, after thirty years, he still longs to make a dry-point of the figure on the top of the castle of S. Angelo in Rome; and he may do it yet.

Who said "It is better to travel than to arrive"? If ever I knew, I have forgotten, but it would not surprise me to learn that he was a man who had done pretty well for himself. One of the principal pleasures consequent on success is, for so many men, freedom to travel. W. R. F. has been no exception—what painter is? During the twelve or fifteen years preceding 1939, France, Spain, Italy or Switzerland was visited annually. Some of the results can be seen in the reproductions, some of the dates found in the accompanying Notes. But the numerous trips to Spain are hard to disentangle and identify, and the time spent in sojourns in France and in pauses made there on the way to other countries and on the way back must, in the aggregate, run into years. His habit of returning again and again to places that please him has made it impossible to put dates to many of the pictures and possible for some of them to have more dates than one.

The lot of a successful landscape painter is an enviable one. In his early days he may envy the portraitist his commissions since, however small and elusive, they bring in something of an income. But once his reputation is established, lack of commissions is seen to be lack of restriction of movement. He is free to travel where and when he likes; the expenses, such a serious item for other men, are for him an investment. In the case of W. R. F. commissions do, of course, come his way, but he still keeps his hatred of being tied and seldom

**Masters of Etching*, No. 27, *W. Russell Flint*. By Malcolm C. Salaman (The Studio). To the reproductions there, and to Mr. Salaman's account of the artist's methods, anyone in search of further information may be recommended to turn.

accepts them. Among the exceptions are his three or four portraits, the most important of which, a likeness of Sir Charles Scott Sherrington, O.M., hangs in the Fellows' Common Room at Magdalen College, Oxford.

He likes painting abroad, and when once he had discharged his obligation to the Academy, the Royal Water-colour Society and the 'Artists' General Benevolent Institution, he could indulge his preference. The qualifying clause, however, means a good deal in his case. He does not willingly join a committee; if he does, he is the most diligent and conscientious of members. He has been on the Council of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution for many years, and is now one of its Vice-Presidents.

How trippingly that sort of phrase runs off the tongue, off the pen! Yet it is, in this case, possibly the most revealing statement made in these pages and the one most worthy of emphasis. W. R. F. is one of those rare men who serve, year after year, on a philanthropic committee for no other reason than that they are philanthropic. He, indeed, is surely one of the kindest men alive—kind in speech (my little sketch suffers heavily from his utter lack of malice, his blank refusal, amounting to inability, to speak ill of his friends) and kind in action. I know of not a few occasions when he has put himself to endless trouble, dislocating his whole existence for days, on behalf of some poor brother artist—not one of those brilliant and promising boys whom it is so romantic to help, but unattractive, rather grubby, ungracious old men with an exaggerated idea of their deserts—and as my knowledge of these affairs has seldom come from him I have no doubt that there are numberless other instances of his generosity of which I never have heard or shall hear.

He is a Trustee of the Royal Academy and was also a member of the Council of the National Trust from 1936-39, and his round of duties was added to when, as the nominee of the Academy Council, he succeeded Mr. Sydney Lee on the executive committee of the Recording Britain Scheme (Pilgrim Trust Grant). He has given nine of his own drawings to the collection as well as, with his habitual conscientiousness, time enough to have done another ninety for himself; and his extraordinary knowledge of water-colour painting, though it has been rivalled by his sympathy with artists down on their luck, has always kept on good terms with it. As for his own life, his own work, now that travel can't even be rationed, the trips abroad are at an end. With less time for painting and less choice of subject he goes off, when he can, to Devonshire or Sussex. He says he is discovering the English landscape. It seems an appropriate point at which to leave him—still learning.

Once more the last paragraph has fallen out of date, and happily so. In a P.S. written in 1945 we left the artist blowing dust off old suitcases and re-reading old hotel labels. During the brief period when Englishmen might travel, that luggage went abroad, with its owner. One aspect of his trip has been mentioned in the Preface, but there is another. Like a soldier or sailor on leave, only in reverse, he made straight for the scenes which, during the spare moments of eight years, had filled his thoughts—scenes to be found again and again among the reproductions at the end of this book. Thus, by the time these lines appear in print, or even sooner, we may look for a resumption of the lengthening series, in oil and water-colour, of the landscapes he best likes doing and many people best like seeing.

NOTES ON SOME OF THE PLATES

HAVING persuaded the artist that his own comments on his pictures were bound to be more interesting than anybody else's, I give them, needless to say, as received. On a few occasions I have ventured to interrupt him—three or four times, not more. His words are distinguishable from mine not merely by their authority but by the inverted commas springing from their shoulders. Mine, lacking these wings, have an earth-bound look.

Apart from their individual interest these notes in the aggregate provide, it seems to me, exceptionally cogent evidence of the incidental pleasures of painting and of the good fortune of anyone entitled to spend a life in the practice of it. Here they are:

PLATE 1. MARGUERITE PAULINE: "As I was reading Britten Austin's *Forty Centuries Look Down* a model turned up who seemed to suggest the pretty blonde who captured Napoleon's fancy in Egypt. So I painted her as you see here."

PLATE 4. NIGHT: THE COLOSSEUM: "Winter moonlight and blessed silence. Too often on moonlit nights Teutonic 'pilgrims' sang hymns inside the arena, presumably to honour early Christians. This is the only example I have for reproduction of the work I did during the winter of 1912-13.

"I had an introduction from Lee Hankey to J. W. Godward in Rome. The latter had one of the finest studios in the villa Strohl-Fern grounds. It had a wonderful outlook, and among its decorations was a horse's skull locally supposed to be that of Strohl-Fern himself 'when young.' The likeness was remarkable!

"Godward was exceedingly kind and helpful. He knew all the ropes and didn't mind showing us how to use them. He worked steadily at his Greek maidens in Liberty silks from a Roman model whose name in English meant 'Sweetest Castaway.' This heavy-jowled beauty was a star among the models (I found them a sorry lot after Londoners), but she aimed at being taken for something better. One day at Godward's for tea, Dolcissima, after taking a maddening time to complete her re-attirement, at last proceeded to make her dignified departure. My wife, with kind intention, called her notice to a long white thread sticking to her coat. It proved a mistake to do so because we were afterwards told that the thread had been placed there deliberately as the emblem of what Dolch thought a superior class—the dress-makers.

"The Castaway was a careful lass and made the most of her opportunities. She accepted whatever gifts fell to her from the elderly English and American artists and amateurs who painted her. At the end of foreigners' sojourns she sometimes gathered rich booty in the way of furnishings and household goods. She lived with her family—father, mother, six brothers and sisters—in one room with one bed, the immense 'letto matrimoniale' of Italy, in which, they say, grown-ups slept longways, juveniles sideways. She kept her possessions

to herself, or rather, from her family, by suspending them from the rafters. She suspended them all, chairs, tables, a sewing-machine, rugs and bedding, carefully wrapped in pasted-up newspaper to keep moth out, and bundles of all sorts. The effect must have been peculiar. They were not to be used and spoiled by her family before they were carried, one future day, into an abode of her own.

"Godward frequently 'featured' a bunch of grapes in his pictures. With a twinkle he would point out how one grape had the bloom rubbed off. 'That fetches them,' he would say.

"Good, kind Godward, what a difference he made to our Roman sojourn! Let these grateful words mask a tragedy.

"I think I must have been rather stern with the models. I learned that they had a nickname for me, but I never found out what it was. Godward would not tell me, though he sniggered delightedly whenever he thought of it. I knew his but he knew it not!

"There was then in Rome 'San Giuseppe' Moore, brother, I think, of Sturge Moore. He was a delightful chap but the slowest worker I ever met. He started a painting of a little girl but the girl grew up and he had to enlarge his canvas. Twice he sewed a border round it and never was a difficult job better done. He had designed a 'Prodigal Son' and went to Anticoli to get the pigs. The porkers moved about too quickly so he bought a dead one. It kept still but had to be buried before the studies were finished. He was called, deservedly, 'San Giuseppe' for his kindness to the artists' models of Rome.

"An Englishman on his first visit to Italy stayed at our pension. He was a film-goer and was impatient to see Oggi, a word he saw 'starred' on all the cinemas without exception. He was grieved at his ignorance of such an important Italian luminary as 'to-day'!

"The only Italian artist of note to whom we had an introduction was Aristide Sartorio, then a conspicuous figure. He had just completed huge decorations for the new National Parliament building, paid for, it was whispered, like the Vittorio Emanuele monument, out of money Britain had compassionately sent to Italy to relieve the sufferers from the Messina earthquake of 1910. Certainly Messina showed no sign of having received much of the hundreds of thousands and there were so many financial scandals in Rome at the time that the whisperers were probably right.

"Sartorio's decorations were spirited affairs, great friezes full of immense figures furiously busy about something or other. Each section had an uplifting title—'L'Eroismo Comunale,' 'L'Elevazione Nazionale,' 'La Fede,' 'La Giovane Italia,' 'La Giustizia,' 'La Fortezza,' and so on. Athletes, maidens, horses, columns, statuary and banners glittered and barged around. None of Puvion de Chavannes' repose for Sartorio!

"We paid a correct call at a correct hour. The artist, a little, white-moustached, blue-eyed man, received us in a dove-grey suit and white kid gloves. He spoke English very well. He smiled when I told him that the pastoral temperas he exhibited in London gave no idea whatever of his immense powers. Immense powers they were—his output made me feel limp. A large equestrian self-portrait was a centre piece in his studio. It showed him on a noble steed (how I wish I could draw horses!) with a background of an alarm-

ing sky streaked with swishy lightning. An even more alarming animal crouched snarling in the foreground, a sort of outsize black panther, ready to leap upon any disrespectful spectator. Don't ask me why. I rather think there was a large snake as well. His 'Slaves' and 'Gorgon' showed immense sprawling nudes, painted, as a publication said, from '*the superb form of an adventuress, a divine creature who had no secrets for him*'! It is obvious that I by comparison am a very poor fish!

"I cannot forget the occupant of one of the smallest studios in the Strohi-Fern grounds. He was a jaunty young Central American who had won the Prix de Rome de Nicaragua. He had, perforce, crossed the mighty ocean, and by it had been inspired to paint a large 'marine' in Prussian blue. He did that at once and for the rest of the winter enjoyed himself. His professional activities were confined to seeking visitors' assurances that his sea-piece was 'moderno' and their advice as to the exact spot upon which he should paint a seagull. He had one cut out of white paper and would stick it here and there, but so far as I know never found the most 'moderno' spot for it.

"In Rome, as an artist I was as mud. Scale counts for a lot there and I worked on small things. So what could I expect?"

PLATE 5. RICHELIEU: "A beautiful piece of timber construction in the Cardinal's own little town, laid out (it is said, to his own design and built by Lemercier, one of the architects of the Louvre. An instance of town planning."

PLATE 6. H.M.S. CONWAY: "The water was rough, not smooth as I have depicted it, but I had a merry time with three cadets in one of the ship's launches. As the *Conway* swung at her moorings in the strong tide we had to up anchor and change position frequently. It required some judgment to know when to drop the anchor again and make allowance for leeway but my jolly lads did well."

PLATE 7. NO. 1 SLIP, DEVONPORT: "I had better be careful what I say because this subject is on forbidden ground. Big-scale timber work has a strong appeal. This example was first noticed by me several years ago from a large cruiser as she crept down the misty Sound on her way to steaming and gunnery trials. When I saw the slip-way I thought, I must paint that some day. The day arrived in war. The bustle and noise of a great naval dockyard was in sharp contrast to the quiet of the kindly little Devon farm where I was staying at the time. But on the Sunday, when riveting and clanging ceased for a spell, quiet reigned here, too. The reverberating splashes of the incoming tide under the rounded roof are good to remember. And good to remember, too, are the courtesy and consideration of all in the dockyard, from the Admiral-Superintendent to the policeman who liked art but whose wife didn't."

PLATE 9. BAMBOOS: "The scene of this subject was the interior of a portion of the old fortifications at Antibes. Bamboo stores are always fascinating. I am sorry I have no available picture showing the splitting of the canes for flower baskets. It is a neat operation, as is the making of the light shallow baskets themselves. My picture of the latter subject is in Paisley Art Gallery and one of the former at Maidstone. The chief model in 'Bamboos' was a very

beautiful Russian, a lady refugee who, penniless in London, came and posed."

PLATES 11, 12, 13. The setting is Madame Rambert's practice room at the Mercury Theatre, Notting Hill, London—it was once a chapel hall. "I usually fight shy of ballet subjects because ballet has a fanatical following and the artist who is not just right gets short shrift. I had very good ballet dancers as models and I think I drew them reasonably accurately; but the criticisms I got! One 'balletomane' inspected my studies very earnestly; said they were incorrect but marked a few as passable. I was quite meek—whose dog was I that I should bark at Authority? So I said 'Let's look at Degas' and produced the Phaidon book. 'Ah, Degas!' exclaimed my inspector. We looked at the wonderful works, I with enjoyment, he in silence. After a long time he burst out with 'But they're all WRONG!' So I was consoled. But I still shirk ballet subjects. Madame Rambert was so kind in letting me sketch in her class-room, and I feel I have made her no return."

PLATE 16. A CONVERSATION IN ARAGON: "An old castle interior. Ancient church furniture stood on rickety galleries."

PLATE 18. OFF TO WINTER FISHING, PITTENWEEM: "The East Neuk of Fife has several admirably paintable harbours, as Scottish artists are well aware. As a small boy I played and sketched there. I, as it were, rediscovered the district on my southward way from the Highlands one year and looked up my old friend John Lorimer (A.R.W.S., 1908), at Kelly Castle, a mile or two inland from Pittenweem. J. L. was a good host as well as a good artist. Though an old man he was very alert and would not let slovenliness pass unnoticed. The castle had certain deficiencies as a dwelling-place but it had fine gardens. These he threw open once a year with a charge for admission in aid of one of the nursing funds. The weather was an important factor. Would it be fine? On one doubtful-looking morning he consulted his gardener, who replied, 'Oh, there'll be shoo-ers, and shoo-ers between the shoo-ers, but it'll no be a wat day.'"

PLATE 19. ST. MALO: "A grand old town which to very many English was merely a landing-place after a foul crossing from Southampton, or else just a place to hang about in until the boat left at night. It never looked its best on one's arrival, somehow, and most people pressed on to much less interesting spots. It has proved a mine of subjects for me. What is it like now?"

PLATE 21. A FERRY IN BRITTANY: "On the Rance between Dinard and Dinan. Mention of ferries reminds me of the first time I drove through Glasgow. I asked a policeman the way to Erskine Ferry. He was an Irishman and replied by inquiring 'What side of the river is it on?'"

PLATES 22 and 77. A CLASSIC FARM, PROVENCE: "This was Argilliers, the residence of the eccentric Baron de Castille, who escaped the guillotine in 1794 through a clerical error. In the warrant for his arrest he was described as an agriculturalist instead of an aristocrat. He was genuinely interested in vini-

culture and farming, and his château was a true farm with olive-oil mill and vast wine-making equipment. He was crazy about classical architecture and surrounded his house and farm buildings with columns and temples. Columns were everywhere. Some of his productions were grotesque, but others were very graceful, and in their tumbledown condition very paintable."

PLATE 23. FLAMES OF AUTUMN, GILNOCKIE BRIDGE: "On the Esk, not far from the Border town of Langholm. Another river subject follows."

PLATE 24. A BEND ON THE GARD. LANGUEDOC: "A breezy day near Pont du Gard—one of my favourite spots on earth. 'A simply glorious day of sun and wind' is scribbled on the back of my water-colour." It is, he says, a district as exciting to walk in as to paint, and the enjoyment of both pursuits has drawn him back again and again. More of his pictures, I surmise, come from thereabouts than from any other area save Scotland. See, even in this limited selection, Plates 22, 24, 70, 86, 87, 88, 96, 99, 123.

PLATE 25. MARUJA THE STRONG: "A jolly subject to paint. When the picture was shown at the R.A., the President of a Girls' Weight Lifting and Wrestling Club sent through me an invitation to 'Maruja' to compete in weight lifting and wrestling with the Club champion. Formidable statistics were provided. As my shapely model never took any exercise that she could avoid, the challenge was not accepted."

PLATE 26. THE TALE BEARER: "Farm buildings and farm equipment nearly always have an attraction for the painter. I am better acquainted with French than English farms. I found much to delight me in Devon but somehow I feel more interest in French agricultural scenes. The timber work there is usually more massive—the buildings are often adapted, not built for their present purpose. There is more than a hint of primitiveness in the tools and outfit.

"To be more precise: I know a farm on the Loire which must have been once an extensive religious community. The abbot's chamber is used for incubating chickens, the refectory for a barn, the chapel as a granary, and so on. Everything is massive, and the masonry magnificent. Humble folk for many generations have adapted it to their requirements and their alterations are made with artlessness but with an instinctive good taste. All the woodwork is good. It was there I first learned of the care farmers take of their carts and wagons—never to leave them in the open if they could be under cover. There the man and his wife paid their 'moitié' to the great man at the Château—that was their rent—half of their entire produce. They were not at ease until I had paid a formal call on their landlord, a Paris manufacturer. They felt, though they obviously wished to do so, they could not make me free of the place until I had made myself and my doings known at the Château.

"Close by I know of a mill which always brings Samson to my mind—it might have been there that he slaved in darkness, brooding. Then beside it a grindstone like a miniature of the upper millstone. A leaky wooden sabot suspended above it and filled with water wets the stone while sickles are

sharpened. On the slopes above, half a mile away, is another farm, smaller and less interesting, but it has a romanesque church which—well, John Sell Cotman would have made a worthy record of it, but to me it was so good, such a thrilling joy to behold, that I simply hadn't the courage to attempt anything. I kept it for another day. Will that day come? Assuredly it was good, and no doubt scheduled as a national monument and cared for by the Ministry of Fine Arts; but it could rarely have been visited—smothered and hidden from the little sunken road that ran past. As a detail I remember a beautiful design of the Cross repeatedly incised in the stonework, a design I have seen nowhere else. What a poor business it is to be merely a worker, not a scholar *and* a painter!"

PLATES 27, 28, 29, 30. SCOTTISH LANDSCAPES: "I suppose I have painted more Scottish landscapes than anything else; and I never paint anything with greater pleasure.

"We once spent a glorious autumn in the Highlands, six weeks of perfect painting weather from the start of October to mid-November. The trees, rowan, beech, birch and oak, became more and more autumnal till all was a blaze of vermillion and gold. On the first of November snow appeared on the hill-tops. Each morning there was more of it. Daily it crept down till the whole ground was white. But there was no wind and the blazing foliage still draped the trees. Then one night a wind came and lo, like magic, the trees were bare and the leaves covered the snow.

"A lot of work was done there: I think I painted forty water-colours. On the evening before our departure there was the ceremony of showing my work to our landlady, her husband and daughter. It was a solemn business. They filed into our sitting-room, would not sit but stood in grim silence while I showed my efforts. Now I was pretty accurate topographically in those days—in these, I do not hesitate to move mountains, pictorially speaking—and the husband was the postman and his wife a native of the district. I came to an end. No word had been uttered and silence continued till the lady, giving me a straight look, said, 'Mr. Flint, I maun be honest. I can see NAETHIN' IN THEM.'

"Scottish landscapes suggest Scottish stories. Here is one which I heard in my most recent painting visit to the West Highlands. The minister visited an out-lying croft. He stayed a long time and enjoyed his chat and tea. A storm came on and did not pass. The crofter insisted that the minister should stay the night. With little persuasion he agreed. In due course he was shown up the ladder to the loft where his couch and comforts had been prepared. He was just about to get into bed when he found he had left his pipe and tobacco on the table below. The lamp had been put out so he crept quietly down. He had just laid his hand on his pouch when he received a resounding slap and a voice said, 'Tak that for asking him to stay.'"

PLATE 31. THE FLOOR POLISHERS: Three models in the artist's studio in London. Explaining that he was an American Art Director who had seen the picture at an exhibition in Glasgow, a Mr. Rideout wrote to the artist for permission to call upon him. At the interview, it soon became apparent that the similarities between the American and English languages had once again been a

source of confusion; for Mr. Rideout, instead of being a Museum Curator, was advertisement manager of a company engaged in the manufacture of floor polish. His idea, which he proceeded to unfold, was that the Royal Academy should procure for W. R. F. the entrée to Buckingham Palace and that, when there, he should paint a picture of the shiniest floor he could find, and that Mr. Rideout's firm would buy the picture for use in its advertisements.

The studio, the whole Campden Hill house, indeed, merits description. Originally Peel Cottage was built for a landscape painter, Ridley Corbett, A.R.A. Another Academician, George Boughton, had commissioned Norman Shaw to design him a mansion; and Corbett, a close friend of Boughton, persuaded Shaw to run up a little studio alongside. This studio was the basis of the Russell Flint's house. For some time it was a rather primitive place. Even after Corbett's death, when it was rented by a very young Academician, Frank Dicksee, little was done to it. But later a collector of musical instruments developed the premises, and later still Sir Frederick William Duke and his wife continued the improvements. The big studio at the top of the house, which they used as a music room, owes much of its character to their tenancy.

It is a long, lofty room, divided into three parts. The central division alone is over 40 ft. long; at one end there is a spacious recess and store, at the other a musicians' gallery with two arched balconies, from one of which a short staircase connects with the main room. Its variation in height, its combination of regularity and irregularity in form, lend the studio unusual adaptability as well as charm. The huge skylight is now boarded over, but so effective are the windows in the north wall that a visitor might easily fail to note that, in normal times, the room is even lighter than at present. The artist's fondness for white walls has proved useful.

"Not long after we moved in I was looking out of the studio window when I saw my President, by now Sir Frank Dicksee, standing on the other side of the street gazing up at his old home. I rushed out and brought him in, and much of what I know of the house's early history I learned from him on that occasion. He was astonished at the transformation of his simple studio and particularly admired the design of the newels of the staircase, salvage from an old building in the City of London. This was the last, or almost the last, time I saw Frank Dicksee. He died some three weeks later."

PLATE 32. SHIPYARD GLEANERS: "Brittany, girls gathering chips of wood. My first oil-painting after my election as A.R.A. to be shown at the Academy. The material had been obtained at Concarneau."

PLATE 33. PONT-Y-GARTH, NORTH WALES: "A well-worn subject. The A.A. man on patrol had often seen artists painting it but never expected to find any so mad as to paint it in such bitter weather. Artists must always be prepared to be taken for madmen—I have often been. A ghillie sees away up on the hillside a figure crouching and dabbing, jumping up, swinging his arms to get warm, running a few yards to and fro, then crouching down again over some flat object which he jabs at—till he repeats the performance with variations. What can he think?"

PLATES 34, 35. Venetian subjects (see also Nos. 57, 72 and 73) painted during a long autumn and winter visit, 1929-30. "Venice is so much pleasanter and infinitely more beautiful when there is not too much sun. Wet weather brings out the lovely faded colours of the buildings. One is no longer a 'tourist' or treated as such. Venetians become friendly, helpful and interested—too interested, sometimes. My wife has counted packs of more than fifty surrounding me when painting. I have been honoured by exclamations, over a deft stroke, akin to the 'A-ah!' of a crowd watching fireworks!"

PLATE 36. ALICANTE: "There it is, an obvious 'subject.'"

PLATE 37. PANCORBO: "A little town near Burgos, good for drawing but not for living in. Grand gorge and crags. There, on the hillside, I first saw vultures. In the evenings they flew from the far side of the valley, whoop, whoop, and disappeared overhead among the spikes of the Sierra de Pancorbo. One evening there were exactly 100 in line. They swooped so low over my head that I felt the draught from their great wings. Next visit I painted 'The Crag of the Hundred Vultures.'"

"While painting at Pancorbo my friend Trier and I lived in rooms at the station of Miranda de Ebro. We travelled to Pancorbo in the mornings and got a very late train back—so late that the journey was made every second day only. We spent the evenings partly in the posada, partly in a wine shop, and partly in the station master's office. The train was always at least an hour late, but the station master with true and characteristic Spanish courtesy always offered us coffee. Wine we had had—two glasses each (we gathered that was the correct thing) costing a ha'penny a glass. The wine shop was down a step or two from the main street—part of the great post road along which King Alfonso in his Hispano-Suiza made his frequent dashes from Irun to Madrid. It was lit by one candle. The proprietor stood behind a tiny counter; he was a big, heavy-faced, grave and courteous man. My friend did the ordering. Two glasses, wet outside, were placed before us. We sipped solemnly. 'Good wine,' said my friend. 'Good wine,' said I (about all the Spanish I knew). Then a voice from the gloom said magnificently 'Good wine.' We peered and saw that all round the dark room were black-clothed men seated on benches behind long tables. Conversation briskened. I got it across that I had never seen vultures before. Then in sonorous and glorious Castilian (surely the most superb of all languages) it was told how a Frenchman had come to Pancorbo, had seen the vultures, and had reckoned them much larger than anything he could shoot in France. He had gone away and later had returned with friends and guns. They had purchased a sheep that was sick; they had killed it and with great difficulty carried it up the crags to attract the vultures. The vultures knew all about that sheep and were soon on the spot. Evening drew on and more and more vultures arrived. They perched in silence on the crags, always just out of range for the bearded sportsmen's guns. The darkness increased, and with night terror descended upon the Frenchmen, who fired wildly, missed, and fled. The vultures had the sheep and the Frenchmen drank much of the same good wine."

PLATE 38. ASCENSION DAY: "On the hills above Gerona. One of those holy days when all seems just right."

PLATE 40. See note on No. 45.

PLATE 43. THE STRING MAKERS, ARAGON (see also No. 131): "I don't know if the string was to be made into rope or not; but Spanish string (or rope) makers are nearly always good subjects, whether old women, old men or young girls. One cigar for the head man, cigarettes and sticky sweets for the others. How they work! This picture, a large water-colour, is of an interior—the end of a long rope walk—at Calatayud in the Jalon valley.

"Calatayud is the good name of a very interesting and various sort of town. It has (or had in 1931) lush, flat fields skirting the river, the Jalon. In one step one passed from the rich, fertile soil of the valley bed to absolutely arid, crumbling slopes. I wasn't well there (I nearly left myself there!) and used to climb up to the Moorish 'Castillo de Ayud' and look down on a scene containing more subjects, or at least as many, than anywhere in Spain.

"At my feet, shaley rock crumbling, gleaming with mica and adorned with tiny tufts of aromatic herbs—almost any square yard would make a lovely decoration.

"Below, a huge, level rectangle thrusts itself from the hillside, its sides cut sheer away, and its projecting end made conspicuous by lean-to sheds. Under them the great wooden wheels of the rope makers creak as they turn. Backing away from these are tiny figures, grave toilers, paying with their right hands wisps of hemp from the bundles round their waists into the wet leather folded in their left hands, making the spinning strand long and even.

"Below again are gorges, their sides pitted with many caverns. These are dwellings, granaries, and storage places, 'warm in winter and cool in summer,' as one proprietor told me. Across the nearer gorge is a medley of ancient walls, circular recesses cut in the mountain side, crumbling bastions of old fortifications, and a great buttressed wall, part faded brick, part rock, which contains a vast area. At the top of this very irregular space are groups of circular stone platforms with low walls and, like the nearer rope walk, with sides cut sheer away. These are the winnowing grounds and there you may see one of the most beautiful sights on earth. How can I describe it as I first saw it?

"Thick over the clean-swept rock the golden wheat is spread. Mules and donkeys with jangling bells are harnessed to flat, wooden sledges with up-curved prows. Sharp flints project from underneath these. Girls in grey stand on them, with traces and whip, feet wide spread. Then—crack and wallop, off they go, circling round and round, in and out, wreathing a fantastic pattern and all the while cutting the useless straw into chaff. As the circular movement throws the wheat on to an outer bank, men with forks throw it in again and again and, as the work progresses, toss the glittering mass into the air. The grain falls straight and the golden chaff is carried clear away on the afternoon breeze. What impression does this give of the sunlight, the grace, the clangour, the merriment, and the classic beauty of the whole business? How could one paint it, the silver, the grey and the gold, the brown faces and

arms, the long, white, wooden forks and the gay harness? Better not to try.

"Look over the edge, and below is the medieval town. Look further, and there hugging the valley is the railway (the locomotive which drew me was British built, dated 1868), and the modern mills. Look up, and the dry sierras recede under the shimmering light. Don't venture on a country walk, or you will attract dogs of a peculiarly ferocious kind.

"I was making a pencil drawing in one of the streets of Calatayud. Intent on my work, I paid no attention to a man who stood watching me. Presently he held up a small sheet of white paper between me and the sky and pointed to the graceful watermark design. 'This is good paper, is it not? As good as English,' he remarked, and had walked away before I realised he had spoken in perfect English."

PLATE 44. PALAIS DU PAPE: "Nearly always a disappointing subject, though so often painted. I was lucky in having this effect presented to me. When staying in the country near Remoulins my wife and I used to go shopping in Avignon, much preferring it to Nîmes. I enjoyed leaving my car near the Papal Palace and inquiring after the health of the old gentleman in charge of the parking place. Year after year he welcomed me with much hand-shaking. There is a choice pleasure in being welcomed in a foreign town."

PLATE 45. NAPOLEON'S STABLES, ST. MAXIMIN-LA-BAUME: "*Napoleon's younger brother Lucien lived at St. Maximin. He was provider of forage and (probably) Percepteur des Impôts. He married Catherine Boyer, the rich innkeeper's elder daughter. Napoleon himself was at Toulon, busy with his Army and much concerned about his mother and sisters at Marseilles. He visited (one may well suppose this) his brother at St. Maximin, tethered his horse in this stable and, it is said, cadged meals in the kitchen (beyond the little door shown in the picture) from his sister-in-law. It must be remembered that at that time Napoleon was very poor and harassed continually by his family.*

"Such is the local legend, noted down with my wife's assistance from the discourse of a brother brush, the waiter at the little hotel, who was touching up the green tubs on the terrasse. An authority tells me that Napoleon was never at St. Maximin; but absence of proof does not prevent a strong probability. Anyway, I like local legends! The statements in italics are, I think, indisputable."

PLATE 48. TREVES: "One of the villages on the Loire—little visited, with a very beautiful but tumbledown ancient church. Such friendly folk there. I often found the church locked, and the lady who kept the key was usually down at the riverside washing clothes; so another lady's help was obtained. She simply opened the key-keeper's window, put her hand in, unhooked the key from its nail and handed it to me."

PLATE 49. FLOWERS AND LACQUER: "Mr. Ervin bought this picture instead of a motor-car. A pretty compliment indeed. His wife was very nice about it."

PLATE 51. THE NUN'S CLASS. LA CHARITÉ: "Poor La Charité, with its longstanding reputation for kindness—there was, I believe, desperate fighting there in May 1940. They say that the Germans crossed the Loire by running their tanks, etc., over those of their own which sank at the first attempt. I know from experience how treacherous the river sand can be. Plenty of subjects here—this is an ecclesiastical one. The little girls were much more intent on watching me paint than on their lesson."

PLATE 53. THE DANCE OF ROSE PETALS: "A lovely room high up in the Generalife, Granada. June and roses in Spain!"

PLATE 54. A SONG OF OLD PROVENÇE: "An ordinary vaulted *lavoir* and a burst of song. All the women took it up and I was transported!"

PLATE 55. HOMAGE TO DEMETER: "A composition impelled by the sight of Provençal dancers at the 'Bravade,' St. Tropez. There was material for subjects galore. Every dance deserved a pictorial record. There were Danse de la Moisson, de la Voyageuse, La Salonnaise and a Quadrille de Provence, a Farandole Classique, a Rondeau and so on.

"The 'Bravade' is a delightful mélange of local patriotism and paganism overlaid with piety. From the first 'Roulements de Tambour' and 'Vermouth d'Honneur' on the opening morning to the last squib on the third evening there is to the northern mind this diverting switching back and forth from roystering to adoration, from ogling at a girl to an obeisance before a dreadful bust. (Will someone please write an essay on eye movements and their implications? From the sidelong sweep to the upward roll: the first would be profane, the second pious, the first a perquisite of youth, the second of age.) There is much of this amid the merriment of the 'Bravade' which is, or was, a celebration of a famous victory in 1636. Twenty-one Spanish galleons had attacked St. Tropez, but strong in their faith in their patron Saint the men of the little fishing town defeated the lot in three hours. Since then on each fifteenth of June there have been processions, salutes with flags and guns, dancing and religious services at the old church and at altars erected in the streets.

"Men descended from the original participants in the battle arrive from afar, ancient uniforms are donned, business-like cutlasses are polished and muskets and blunderbusses anxiously inspected. We were moved to especial sympathy with one fragile-looking greybeard who with his wife and baggage arrived at our hotel from Marseilles. He found on unpacking his Bravade equipment that moths had played havoc with the feathers of his shako. There was a tremendous uproar and madame was sternly reproved for failing to air it since its previous appearance.

"Descendants of the original fighters, but no one else, have volleys fired outside their houses. Blank charges are fired downwards—a visitor may be honoured by an invitation to press the trigger—and the streets of St. Tropez show black gunpowder stains for days."

PLATE 57. PONTE DELLA PAGLIA: "Painted in one evening, I don't know how. It measures 27 in. by 20 in." (See note on Nos. 34, 35-)

PLATES 58, 60, 61, 62, 63. SANDS AND FIGURES ON SANDS: "In my opinion, technically the most difficult of all forms of water-colour painting and the purest. I might be asked why and the answer would be that these subjects are essentially the most delicate, direct and subtle of all. Any heaviness, any fumbling, any muddiness of colour would ruin them. I claim that there is far more in them than meets even most professional eyes, and I unashamedly confess to amusement at imitators' efforts. I never 'make them up.' The illustrations in monochrome are disproportionately harsh, which is a pity, but that cannot be helped."

PLATE 64. THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS: "Everyone has to have a shot at this well-worn theme. This is one of mine. I dare not reveal who some of the models were."

PLATE 65. THE CHOICE: "I have forgotten the details of this Spanish subject. I thought I was making it much too romantic, but people who saw the picture told me of so many variations and elaborations that I felt that, after all, I had been very prosaic."

PLATES 66, 67, 68, 69. "Gipsies, such as may be seen all over Spain. A favourite haunt of theirs and mine was the Roman bridge at Salamanca. Tribes of them lived on the dry river bed under the ancient arches. I distributed (wisely, I think) a lot of cigars, cigarettes, small coins and sweets there. 'The Raven' (see Plate 109) was done there—I should say begun there."

This description set me—and will no doubt set others—thinking of something. Spain doesn't change very quickly, and I was not long in finding what I sought. "Un soir, à l'heure où l'on ne voit plus rien, je fumais, appuyé sur le parapet du quai, lorsqu'une femme, remontant l'escalier qui conduit à la rivière, vint s'asseoir près de moi. Elle avait dans les cheveux un gros bouquet de jasmin, dont les pétales exhalaient le soir une odeur enivrante. . . . Je jetai mon cigare aussitôt. Elle comprit cette attention d'une politesse toute française, et se hâta de me dire qu'elle aimait beaucoup l'odeur du tabac, et que même elle fumait, quand elle trouvait des *papelitos* bien doux. Par bonheur, j'en avais de tels dans mon étui, et je m'empressai de lui en offrir. Elle daigna en prendre un, et l'alluma à un bout de corde enflammé qu'un enfant nous apporta moyennant un sou." That was not Salamanca, that was not to-day, but nearly two hundred miles away and over a hundred years ago—Cordoba, 1830. Though *Carmen* was not published until 1845, the material for it was collected during Merimée's first visit to Spain, as his letters show. And if you care to read on a few lines you will see the author (after the seductive gipsy, slowly eating an ice, had suggested that he might like to have his fortune told) give one of his most masterly examples of using up any little scrap such as a date: "I was so unregenerate in those days, fifteen years ago, that I made no movement of horror on discovering that I was seated beside a sorceress." 1930, 1830—and, no doubt, 1730 and 1630, to go no further.

PLATE 70. THE SEVEN SPRINGS OF VERS: "Vers is a little hill town near Remoulins. Much Roman work can be found and much more is suitable for

painting, though there are better places not far away. One Sunday, waiting for a procession that never appeared, I spent a couple of pleasant hours with a Mr. Hughes of Shrewsbury, whom I met at Pont du Gard. He showed me lots that I was missing, particularly a series of graceful wrought-iron parapets of unusual design. Mr. Hughes' name was a puzzle to the people at the inn. To us they referred to him as Monsieur Ugg—we were too dense to realise that UGG meant Hughes. One of the several lavoirs in Vers was a very beautiful one (it appears in Plate 17). I was working at it when the curé passed by. He thought I was painting a 'coin enfléuri' outside, not the interior. I showed him what I was doing and he exclaimed 'Never have I seen this lavoir!' Yet he was an old man and must have passed it countless times."

PLATES 72, 73. See notes on Nos. 34 and 35.

PLATE 77. A FARM IN ARCADY: "This picture was purchased from me by Mr. John Robertson, J.P., of Dundee. Now here is a man about whom a book should be written! This kindly, generous, picture-loving Scot epitomises in his career all the tales of self-made men ever told. There is something very satisfying in observing how he and his shrewd, witty and loving wife are held in esteem—the words affection and admiration would be correct—by all who know them, from the highest in the land to the lowliest." See also note on No. 22.

PLATE 78. THE UNCONSECRATED CHURCH: "A big church, caught incomplete at the time of the French Revolution. It is now an 'all purposes' edifice—garage, stable, store, dwelling-house. The great arches have been filled in and low windows cut in the outer walls. Shops line one side. When I was painting, heavy breathing disturbed me—a large, stout French horse was standing behind me and blowing down my neck."

PLATE 84. THE SECRET LAGOON: "A Canadian friend, Lionel Curran, put the idea into my head that I might like to give a small work towards Canada's war effort. I liked the notion and painted this specially. I did not know how it was to be transmuted into dollars, but Mr. Curran promised to see to all that if I would find means of getting the picture to Canada. Through the kindness of the High Commissioner, Mr. Vincent Massey, it was sent free and with amazing promptness. I do not yet know the total sum raised but a most favourable start was made. It was arranged that the picture should be exhibited first in Vancouver, then in other provinces, under the auspices of the Imperial Order of Daughters of the Empire, in aid of their Spitfire Fund. It is, in brief, being raffled at a few cents for each ticket. The Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia formally blessed it and contingents of ticket sellers caught people at cinemas, theatres, etc. Charlie Chaplin bought the first ticket for fifty dollars and I have a long list of names of eminent people who have followed him. Some of them have bought large blocks of tickets. Mr. Curran has unselfishly given much time and shown great enterprise. As this note goes to press results already represent a good part of the cost of a *Spitfire*."

PLATES 86, 87, 88. "Provence again. 86 is an evening subject, 87 a morning one, on the River Gard, lovely nearly all its length." (See note on No. 24.)

PLATE 96. *THE VIPER IN NEW HAY, UZES*: "Just as many business men have a flair for coming across other men with whom they do more business, so, I like to think, have I a knack of finding subjects in foreign towns. Dark entries attract me—there is always hope of a treasure in the gloom.

"One brilliant June afternoon in Uzès I looked under an archway which I knew well. Usually it was blocked by an antique motor-coach, but this day it was clear. My wife and I went in to explore and found ourselves in what had once been a church. (The uses abandoned churches in France are put to! The main post office at Sarlat on the Dordogne was in one, the motor-coach repair shop at Verneuil in another, and illustration 78 shows a third. At Senlis a twelfth-century church is used as a market and another, not so old, as a theatre.)

"I sought permission to paint and was told I might but that in ten minutes a load of hay would arrive. Knowing what ten French minutes might extend to I set to work. My eyes grew accustomed to the dimness of the interior, which was lit by reflected light from the sunny farther side of the street. In something under an hour there arrived a huge, high-piled hay-cart, drawn by an old horse and accompanied by several elderly gentlemen and a one-armed gendarme. There was a difficulty. The load passed easily under the great main entrance, but obviously it could not pass within the lower opening, shown in my water-colour, beyond which it was to be deposited. A tremendous discussion took place. In France every little problem has to be tackled as an entirely new one. It always seems that no similar problem has ever before arisen. After a period of impatience on my part it was decided to charge the entrance and force its passage. So they whipped up the old horse and with shouts and pushings from all present the attempt was made. Of course the tall load hit the top and the entire cartful toppled over backwards, half smothering the pushers and knocking one very small old man down. Eloquent recriminations followed, to our great entertainment. It appeared to be beneath the dignity of anyone there to remove the hay, so various hangers-on, including my model-to-be, were impressed and made to work. As the pile thinned a viper wriggled out. My wife called loudly but was soothingly assured that there was no such thing as a viper in the district. Presently, however, it was observed and screams brought in people from the street who, fresh from the glare outside, could see nothing. Wild smittings with all sorts of weapons followed and at last the wretched viper was done for amid general congratulations. We finally saw it wreathed round the neck of the local nitwit."

PLATE 98. *BRONZE AND SILVER*: "A romantic meeting with Anna Lee moved me to paint this. I was indulging myself in a book-shop when the proprietor showed me a copy of one of the books I had illustrated years and years before. He told me that a very beautiful lady, a film star, was collecting them. Quite fluttered, I asked her name. Alas, not being a great film-goer, I had never heard of her. However, one of her films was then showing, 'The Camels are Coming,' and I went to see it. There she was, young, pretty, fresh and

delightfully English, having all sorts of adventures. Correspondence followed. She and her husband had an old house, Cardinal's Wharf, where Sir Christopher Wren lived when St. Paul's was a-building, on Bankside, Southwark, and I visited them there. She was so paintable that a picture just had to be produced. This one was planned—then came shopping to buy a golden gown—then sittings. The result is this double portrait of Anna the blonde star and Joanna the wife of Robert Stevenson, the film director."

PLATE 99. THE FIRST BULL, NIMES ARENA: "The first bull was a devil of activity and had all the cloak-wagging and dart-throwing gentlemen scattering for their lives. They vaulted into the corridor surrounding the arena, but the bull charged the barrier, neatly tossed one of the top planks out, then a second plank, leaped over and pursued his tormentors round and round. Narrow triangular recesses are provided for such emergencies and these became jammed with grey-faced, perspiring men at whom the bull jabbed sideways with the only horn he could get through the narrow entrance. One of these places was just under our front seats, so we had a close view.

"On the previous Sunday, when we had cheap seats aloft, we beheld the antics of the 'Course Libre.' A prize of, say, 100 francs is offered to any amateur of the bull ring who will enter the arena and remove a bunch of ribbons tied to the bull's forelock. The bull has played this game many times, and looks old and sleepy. Young gentlemen of Nimes in their Sunday clothes look at their best girls and their best girls look at them. One adventurer stands up, then another and another. They give their coats into their ladies' charge and clamber into the ring. The bull takes no notice till they have advanced gingerly some distance from the barrier—then whisk, a flash of black lightning, the bull is on each in turn. He doesn't touch them, he just makes them show how agilely they can recross the barrier. The ribbons remain on the bull, who enjoys it all so much that he doesn't want to leave off and has to be lured away by a pretty young cow with a tinkling bell.

"The following day I was painting in the arena when some important-looking men appeared and inspected some of the seats. They proved to be the President and members of the 'Cercle Taurois,' and begged us not to miss the grand bull fight on the following Sunday, when six bulls from Spain and a small regiment of authentic Iberians would show their paces. It was then that we bought those very expensive seats, alongside the President's and his friends'.

"On the Sunday the arena was packed, in bright sunshine. I am sure the whole scene was much finer in this noble Roman edifice than any similar scene in a gaudy Spanish bull ring. At the opening ceremonial procession the leading matador threw his cloak to the President's lady, who stood up and bowed amid cheers; while the second matador threw his neatly over the stone barrier before my wife's place, whereupon she and I had to rise and bow."

PLATE 101. ST. PAUL: "A very interesting commission from an American journal, a series of large illustrations in colour. This was a new sort of theme for me and I thoroughly enjoyed it. A million or two were printed in colour extraordinarily well."

PLATE 102. ODYSSEUS IN HADES: "I completed my twenty illustrations for

the *Odyssey* just as the war broke out in 1914. They were not published till 1924 and then in one fat volume, not in two slim ones as originally intended."

PLATE 103. MELUSINA: "A beautiful woman is one of the marvels of creation, and adequate portrayal a matter of extreme difficulty. The artist's spirit may be pagan or gay, but his workmanship must be deadly serious. Early slavery at 'the antique' left me, I suppose, with a feeling for classic form, and I have been remarkably lucky in getting models with what might be called Artemisian figures. The Rubenesque type is not for me. When my pictorial efforts have been bulging they have invariably been destroyed.

"In a book on a figure painter it would be absurd to omit fuller mention of models. I would like to pay them handsome tribute.

"Ever since, forty-three years ago, the curtain was drawn aside to reveal my first model they have played an essential part in my work. Creatures of romance to many, to most painters they are good, hard-working, honourable girls. I believe Londoners take highest place.

"I spoke literally, not figuratively, when I said the curtain was drawn aside. In Hodder's time at the Royal Institution School of Art in Edinburgh, the model's throne was a miniature stage. Punctually at seven o'clock the curtains parted, worked by unseen hands. Punctually at eight they closed again to be reopened at eight-ten, to show the model already in the pose. The same thing happened at nine o'clock. Did the 'respectable female' spend her well-earned periods of rest on the gloomy, mustily shrouded platform? I wonder at that and at the dreadful prudery of the times.

"At intervals I have painted London girl models in places in the country including, I can assure the reader, very strait-laced localities. Without exception they have won affection and respect from landladies who without personal knowledge would have been horrified at the idea of a 'visitor' posing for the nude figure. The Scots rather than the English are more open-minded on this matter.

"Special types require special efforts to obtain and usually deserve special reward. Sometimes one is overjoyed by their keenness and knowledge, as often depressed by their apathy. The amateur model has proved of little use to me and I usually repent invitations to such to pose. They are vainer than the professionals and have little idea of the discipline which posing involves. Regular models can be vain enough, however. One called, most attractively dressed. She was so smart that I asked what rate of pay she expected. Her reply was, 'Oh, a guinea a morning and a guinea an afternoon and, of course, you take me out to lunch.' My wife drily suggested I could take her to the A.B.C. at Notting Hill Gate!

"I will not tell you which handmaid of Art it was who said, when I showed her a beautiful Tang dynasty bronze bowl, a treasure of recent acquisition, 'Most of those old things were failures, weren't they?'

"I have no knowledge of American models except by correspondence. They are good letter-writers. When my Riccardi Press books were re-issued in their cheaper form models in New York wrote excellent epistles regarding the chance of getting sittings.

"Permanent disgrace with my wife and son is my lot for having refused an

invitation to Hollywood where I was promised I would have 'a regiment of Californian beauties to paint from.' This arose through a delightful Scottish American, a mighty airman, Jock Chapman, who is in close touch with film-famous William Powell. These two men, both of whom have pictures of mine, have shown that touch of American hospitality which wins our hearts with, in addition, the glamour of Hollywood."

PLATE 105. PILGRIMAGE AT MIDSUMMER DAWN, NEW CASTLE: "I wish I were wiser about this sort of lovely old custom. This is surely connected with the celebrations in Brittany and elsewhere on the eve of St. John the Baptist's day. In Brittany they burn fires along the coast, I believe. Charles Cottet's picture, 'Les Feux de St. Jean aux bords de la Mer,' comes to my mind."

PLATES 106, 107. "The two pictures which gained me election to the Royal Academy.—*ARAGONESE HARVESTERS RESTING:* I was in Aragon in 1921 when the wheat was being cut in blazing sunshine. Those toiling, sweating people, living on bread and water and sleeping where they could, were hired for the harvest (the hiring was a sight) and for wretched pay. How the police hounded them if more than three gathered together! Those sober, dignified people moved me deeply. I think I then formed that affection for Spain which later, when the Civil War began, led me to paint a very large picture, 'In Their Own Home,' to show my sympathy. That elaborate objective effort earned me many kicks and no ha'pence. Both sides wanted to use it for propaganda; one leading paper was contemptibly nasty about it; one art critic who had been to Spain implied that no Spanish house was anything like what I showed; and all seemed to think I had some selfish motive in painting it. (Just as people think I made a profit out of 'Russell Flint Water-colour paper.' The profit went to the Artists' General Benevolent Institution.) Yet it was a very gentle and accurate representation of an actual house and of actual people who had offered me kindness high up on the sierra between Almeria and Granada. I have not the heart to include it in the illustrations of this book.

"*THE LEMNIANS:* a real 'battle-horse' of a picture, in which I enjoyed working out the legend of the Lemnian women who slew their Thracian husbands for reasons which remain obscure. One of my plain ladies in the background, who was the wife of an excellent man model, 'obliged' by posing for me once and later claimed to be the original of the barer beauties in the foreground."

PLATE 109. See note on No. 66.

PLATE 111. LA HIJA MUY AMADA—THE DAUGHTER WELL-BELOVED: "Farm workers returning from labour, the age-old subject. The tired folk, the tired oxen, the Gorge of Pancorbo filled with the tinkling of many goat and sheep bells, the ochre crags and the still, hot sky all made a setting for that weary child so tenderly held secure by her father. One of the most beautiful sights I have ever seen in a life blessed with many of them."

PLATE 114. DISCUSSION: "Now here is a confession. My friend, K. M.

Gailop, was about to proceed to America with this and other pictures. He said, 'Yes, I'll take that with me and I will sell it. But I know what will happen. Within a week the wife of the man who buys the picture will say to him, "That hat's going to get out of fashion and that will worry me if it doesn't worry you. What are you going to do about it?" And what are *you* going to do about it?' 'I'll take the hat off,' I said. And so I did."

PLATE 116. ARTEMIS AND CHIONE: "A subject after my own heart. Poor Chione thought she could rival Artemis and she just couldn't. Artemis was quite merciless and, so the learned books say, changed her into a hawk."

PLATES 118, 119. "The Ebro valley again. The tumbledown windmill was a good subject in itself, but I had only time to make a pencil note of it. Mrs. Black's picture was the oil I have most enjoyed painting. Oil paint usually worries me, but that time all went swimmingly."

PLATE 120. JANUARY TWILIGHT, GREAT ENGLEBOURNE: "South Devon. Cold, bitterly cold, but most paintable in its white, brown and grey scheme."

PLATE 121. MIDSUMMER NIGHT, ROSS-SHIRE: "The long twilight of north-west Scotland. It was a strange, calm night, and the rocky peaks and promontories were clear and sharp."

PLATE 123. A BROKEN BRIDGE: "A fine fragment at a bend on the Ardèche just before it flows into the Rhone. An engineer with me remarked 'Fools, fancy building it at a bend!'"

PLATES 125, 126, 127, 128. SWITZERLAND. GRIMMIALP, JANUARY 1926; FLIMS, JANUARY 1927. "Five feet of wondrous powder snow and myself, a very poor skier, with painting kit on back, going quite mad and swishing down vast white slopes and falling again and again. If the sun is shining and there is no wind painting in water-colour is quite feasible. I worked on skis but had to be very careful to beat a level platform in the snow on which to stand. As I shuffled my skis the snow turned to ice and if it was not truly level I would find myself sliding backwards or forwards and plunged into deep snow out of which it was difficult to climb. But I always held on to my paint box and brushes!"

PLATE 129. FOUR SINGERS OF VERA: "Four girls near Vera in southern Spain. They had been gathering apricots, and they sang and laughed to us as we drove slowly past. I have a rough sketch of one of them up a ladder leaning against an apricot tree. The flickering sunlight and her bronzed face and white grin remain in my mind."

PLATE 131. THE STOLEN LETTER. See note on No. 43.

PLATE 134. FROSTY NOVEMBER MORNING, GRETA BRIDGE, YORKSHIRE: "John Sell Cotman's graceful subject. Hoar frost, and very cold."

The Artist's Notes on Spain

"A professional writer, preferably a historian, should have been with me on a journey round Spain in 1931, just after King Alfonso fled. It was an extraordinary moment in a country's history. Spaniards were deliriously happy—their bad King had gone and a new heaven and earth had arrived! It seemed a mad time to enter Spain. There were crowds of refugees in Perpignan and many reports of rioting, martial law and burnings of churches and convents. The Spanish consul, however, assured my wife and me that we had nothing to fear, so we risked it and were well rewarded. Never did travellers receive a kindlier welcome. From the first to the last of our 3,000 miles in Spain we were as honoured guests.

"The ugly sights—a 'godless' funeral, blazing churches, machine-guns and troops in doorways of public buildings, great columns of smoke towering over the hot sierras—did no more than supply notes of contrast.

"Neither my courteous biographer nor my tolerant publisher will, however, let me indulge in unliterary travel talk too far removed from the illustrations. I must link things up and what cunning I have makes me tack this on as a general note to all the Spanish subjects in this book—there should be more, but, after all, 136 illustrations is a generous allowance.

"One disadvantage of that moment, April 1931, was that many of the most famous churches were closed, so I missed seeing many fine interiors. Those open and undamaged were practically empty. One old woman in a great cathedral, a few priests murmuring their endless offices in the rich gloom of the 'coro,' but never a congregation. Comical (but not disrespectful) recollections of sights seen in churches flash through my mind: an acolyte, seemingly alone in a sombre interior, trying to get his censer alight, striking match after match on the seat of his shorts (his little white vestment always in the way), noisily blowing the incense till it glowed, and then running up and down the aisle vigorously twirling the heavy vessel round his head.

"Solemn music in a great dark interior disturbed by creakings and dry rattlings as vast cardboard angels descend jerkily to cover the organ pipes.

"Peering, fresh from the glare outside, into the starred darkness of a vaulted roof and discerning a tremendous human head suspended, slowly turning. It proved to be a model of a swarthy Turk's head, souvenir of a far-away victory.

"From less ecclesiastical settings leap pictures of tragedy and near-tragedy, of humour and pathos, of almost miraculous (on one occasion life-saving) coincidences, but fear of an accusation of garrulousness slows me down.

"Once it was very hot in Cordoba, over 107° in the shade, and we decided to run north by night. We left Cordoba at six one evening, filled up with petrol for the long run of 300 miles to Madrid, and drove steadily through the not very interesting country east of the city. We saw only one other car, a big American with some prosperous-looking Spaniards in it, on the entire journey. It had stopped at the gasoline station just before us and had forged ahead. Soon after dark we passed through forest land. The tail light of a car showed ahead, stationary. The unwritten but never broken law of Spanish courtesy made me slow down to ask if assistance were required. As I called into the darkness I saw a limp figure being dragged by two men between the close-set tree trunks.

Instead of the polite reply expected, came a sharp 'Nada!' (Nothing). I realised what had happened: they had run someone down. Discretion, fear of being involved, made me drive on quickly.

"The glory of the night soon gripped us. There was no diminution of the heat as we climbed ridge after ridge. My 'Soon-bay-aam's' (Sunbeam) great headlamps swept and penetrated scene after scene. In every village there was merriment far into the night. Amid the huddle of whitened mud hovels round gigantic grey fortress-like churches happy groups danced about flare-lit sweetmeat stalls, drank the worst lemonade in the world (we tried it) and cried to us to join them. But on we went, up the twisting road, *curva y contra curva*, from Andujar to Bailen, and stopped for a space on high ground. We switched off the lights and looked at the stars, so near—one could unhitch them with a boat hook, it seemed—while from a village below laughter and twanging came through the stillness. Then on, down and up again, sharper twists now to the Sierra de Santa Maria and Almuradiel. People were still about, suddenly illumined by my lights, groups in doorways, groups under trees, black-clothed men against black backgrounds, women with babies but never with the men. Never a couple of lovers, never a priest. Dim lights from the drink shops of squalid villages, mules tethered to rings in church walls, twitching, repellent dogs, a policeman emerging from a ditch, bleary with sleep. On we purred. Through a big town, Valdepeñas, I think it was, with hotel touts leaping from alley ways and running dangerously alongside. Then through long straight stretches of forest, through a narrow arch and then all the romance of Spain seemed concentrated in a small, perfect, balconied square. On again, for dawn was near, to Ocaña and Aranjuez, where we were glad to stop and get petrol. There was, alas, no coffee.

"So far it had been a splendid run but the last stretch to Madrid was still of great interest.

"The heat had not lessened for a moment and in the crowded regions south of the capital it seemed that the entire population slept on mattresses and blankets spread on the streets. I have an impression of hundreds of sprawling, scantily covered figures, giving an effect of indescribable squalor, entirely occupying the sidewalks. Arms and legs projected into the roadway, and long black hair swept the gutters. Naked children, knees up, slept on their backs in uncanny, sinister silence. My wife recalled having read an Elizabethan traveller's description of a similar scene. Then into Madrid at six in the morning, to find, as usual in Spain, that the garage was miles from the hotel.

"Even in Spain one has many disappointments. Murcia, for instance, seemed dull and uninteresting, and Ronda rather 'obvious.' But disappointments are invariably offset by unexpected finds and touches of comradeship—the understanding and erudition of my 'colega' the picture-postcard painter at Seville, the helpfulness of garage hands (who always sleep in the most comfortable car 'in for the night'!) and the hospitality of humble folk. Or by amusing spectacles which commence at the frontier where (to anyone crossing frequently) there appears to be an interminable traffic in sacks of worthless hay carried by seedy creatures. Contrabandistas? By the interest of small children in mechanics, their invariable 'Que marca?'—what make is the car? And to be addressed as 'caballero' is always a pleasure to one who has never been a horseman.

"Recollections swarm but I am a poor hand at description. The vision of the stout attendant, in trousers and rope-soled sandals, in the vaulted bodega at Jerez-de-la-Frontera, plying his silver dipper with the long handle: the kindness of his master, who showed us round, a son of the Marquis Gonzalez, the head of the famous sherry firm: of our, at that moment indiscreet, toast to 'Our Two Kings' in delicious sherry: of the discovery that this courteous son of the house had served his time as an apprentice in a Clyde shipyard: of the special casks of sherry with the mottoes of visitors—mine was to have been 'Water wins me wine,' surely appropriate for a water-colour painter, only, alas, I wasn't asked to contribute it: of my lumbago after eight sherries in a temperature over 100°, and of the elderly tout in Jerez whom I sarcastically told to speak louder and who, thinking I was deaf, jumped on the running board of my car and bellowed worse than the bull of Bashan.

"One remembers the almost staggering consideration of a customs officer at Algeciras on our return from Spanish N. Africa with a bundle of purchases, upon which I had not expected to pay heavy duty. He said something like this: 'I understand. If you or one of your friends will leave the parcel here until the morning, with your name, it will be quite safe. To-morrow morning you, or one of your friends, can fetch it and can take the boat to Gibraltar. There it can be posted, duty free, to England in time for you, or your friend, to catch the return boat which will reach Algeciras again in time for lunch.' Surely that was a masterpiece of Spanish courtesy!"

"So, to the saving of some paint and brushes, these notes have been produced and now come to a full stop.

"I, who wasn't going to write a word, not I, have written thousands, almost a book within a book, with much laborious driving of an uncongenial tool, the pen. It is then only fair that I, carefree for the moment, should be allowed to add a paragraph of my very own.

"Something early in life taught me to try to look at myself from outside. I think, I only think, I know my place, the merits and demerits of my little existence. Because it is a little existence, with no heroics, no self-sacrifices to make it worthy of print, especially in these grim days. But my work from the very first has had to speak for itself and one of the many merits of Mr. Palmer's tale is that it makes no attempt to force it upon you. There is a strong romantic, perhaps sentimental, streak in me. I am not afraid of the word beauty, as so many have been for too long, and I deliberately end with a quotation from the Book of Wisdom:

" 'Because the things are beautiful that are seen.' "

BIOGRAPHICAL SUMMARY

SIR WILLIAM RUSSELL FLINT, K.B.E. 1947, painter in water-colour and oil, book illustrator, medical illustrator, lithographer and etcher. *B.* Edinburgh April 4, 1880, s. of Francis Wighton Flint, artist and designer. *Educ.*: Daniel Stewart's Coll., Edinburgh, and School of Art, Edinburgh. Came to London 1900. On regular staff of *Illustrated London News* 1903-7. *M.* 1905 Sibylle, 3rd d. of late Fleet Paymaster J. T. Sueter, R.N.; one s. War service in R.N.V.R. (Lieut.), in R.A.F. (Captain); with R.N.A.S. Airship Section 1916-18; Admiralty Overseer on H.M. Airship *R34* 1918-19. A.R.A. 1924, R.A. 1933. Trustee of the Royal Academy since 1943. A.R.W.S. 1914, President of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-colours since 1936. Vice-President of Artists' General Benevolent Institution; Hon. Retired Fellow of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers 1933; member of Council of the National Trust 1936-39; member of Royal Scottish Water-colour Society, Art Workers' Guild, etc.



Plate 1. "Marguerite Pauline"

Tempera 27" x 20"

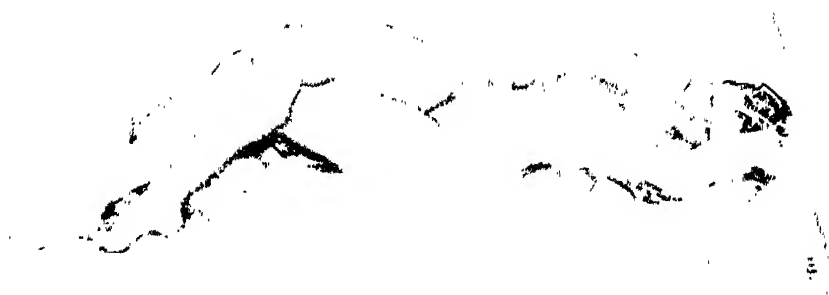


Plate 2. Study for "Reclining Model" (see Plate 92). Pencil Drawing 15" x 8½"



Plate 3. Study for "Models for Goddesses" (see Plate 132). Pencil Drawing 12" x 9½"



Plate 4. "Night: The Colosseum, Rome"

Water-colour



Plate 5. "The Market Hall, Richelieu"

Water-colour 30" x 21"

(Royal Academy, 1936, now in collection of L. H. Schroeder, Esq., Cleveland, U.S.A.)

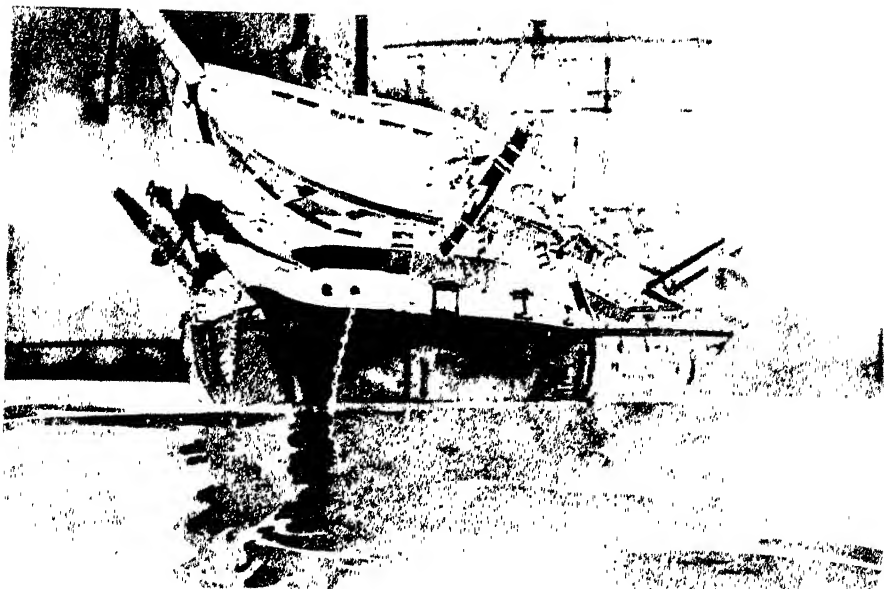


Plate 6. "H.M.S. Conway"

Monochrome 26" x 19"

Presented to the ship by the artist



Plate 7. "No. 1 Slip, Devonport"

Water-colour 26½" x 19½"

(Royal Academy, 1941)



Plate 8. "The Inadequate Bandage"

Water-colour



Plate 9. "Bamboos"

Water-colour

(Collection of R. C. Greig, Esq.)



Plate 10. "Two of the Models."

Collection of V. Chut'ina, E. G.

Water-colour 24" x 20"



Plate 11. "Interval in Ballet Practice"

(Fleischmann Collection, Cincinnati)

Water-colour 30" x 20"



Water-colour 22" x 13"

Plate 12. "Showing How"



Plate 13. "Three Dancers and a Picture"

Water-colour 22" x 13"



Plate 14. "A Stranger"

Water-colour $19\frac{1}{4}'' \times 13\frac{1}{4}''$



Plate 15. "Diaphenia and Hazel"
(Royal Academy, 1939)

Tempera $27'' \times 20''$

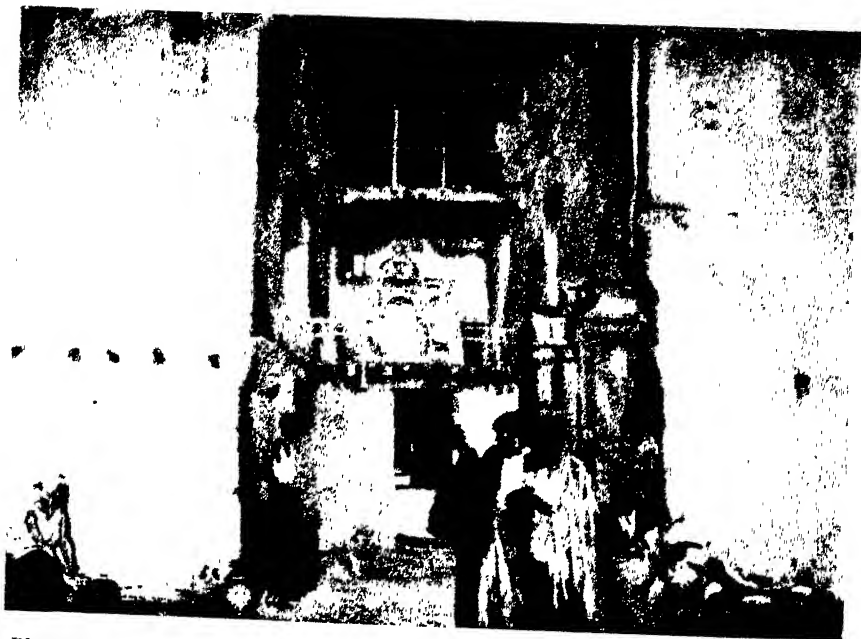


Plate 16. "A Conversation in Aragon"
Collection of the Rt. Hon. the Viscount Letherby

OF



Plate 17. "In Classic Provence"
Water-colour 26½" × 19½"
(Norton Art Gallery, West Palm Beach, Florida)



Plate 18. "Off to Winter Fishing, Pittenweem"

Water-colour 13" x 9½"



Plate 19. "Storm Clouds, St. Malo"

Water-colour 13" x 9½"



Plate 20. "Rocks and Fortresses, St. Malo"

(Royal Academy, 1939, collection of Sir R. H. Bruce Lockhart)

Water-column 13 $\frac{1}{4}$ " x 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ "

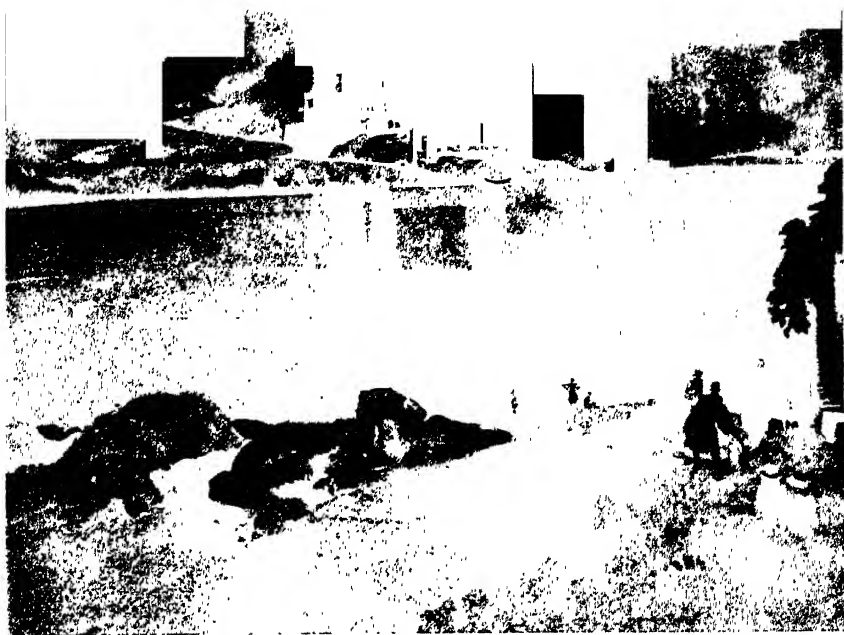


Plate 21. "A Ferry in Brittany"

Water-colour 13" 9½"



Plate 22. "A Classic Farm, Provence"

Water-colour 13"×9"

(Collection of T. B. Simpson, Esq.)



Plate 23. "Flames of Autumn, Gilnockie Bridge"

(Collection, Mrs. M. G. Black)

Water-colour 26 $\frac{1}{2}$ " x 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ "

Plate 24. "A Bend on the Gard, Languedoc"

Water-color 21 1/2" x 16"





Oil 54½" x 34"

"Marija the Strong,"
(Exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1935, and now owned by the Hochschule Art Gallery)



Plate 26. "The Tale Bearer"

(Exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1936, and now owned by Lady Stewart Sundeman)

Water-colour 22" x 13"

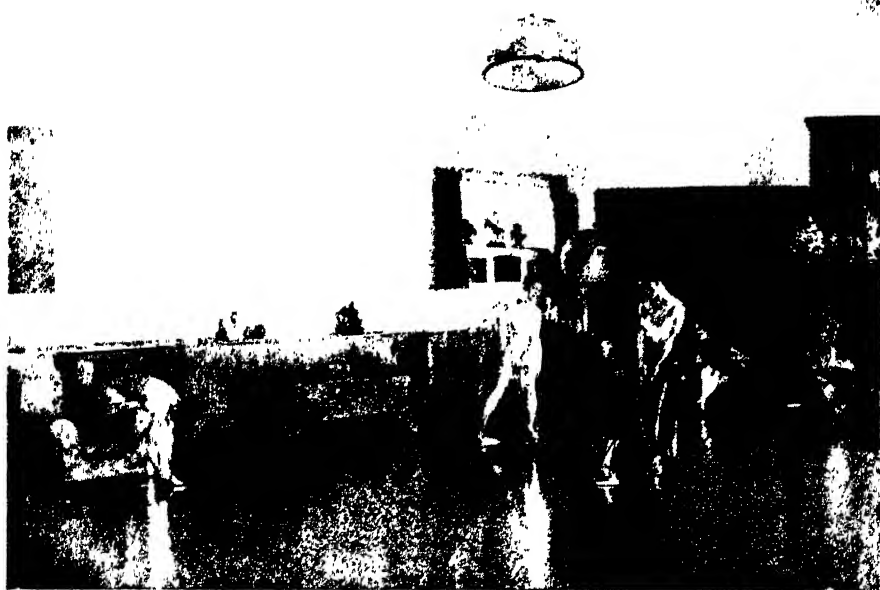
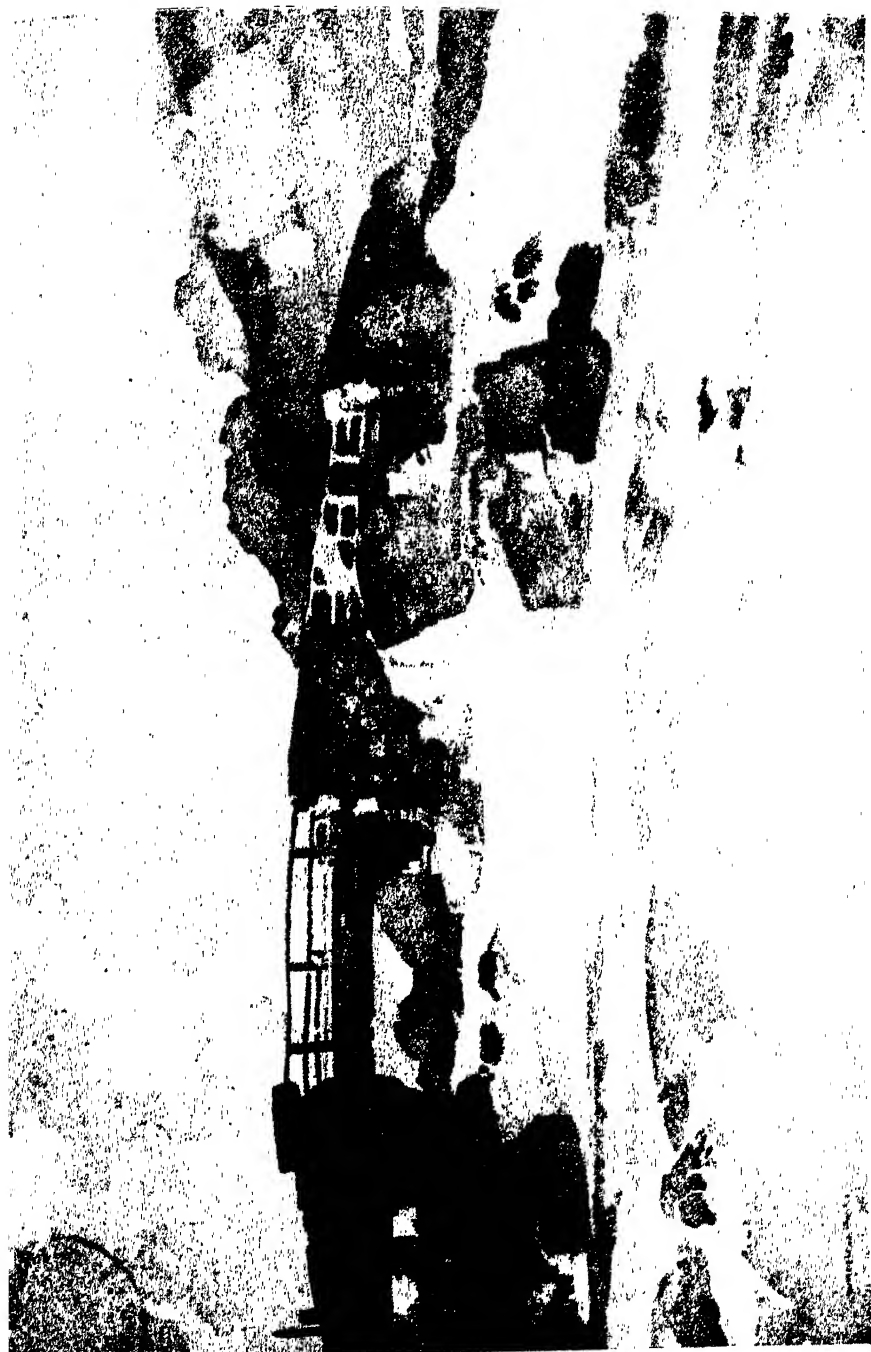


Plate 31. "The Floor Polishers" (*The artist's own studio*) Water-colour 27" x 20"
(Kelvingrove Art Gallery, Glasgow)



Plate 32. "Shipyard Gleaners" (Royal Academy, 1925) Oil 50" x 40"
(Birmingham City Art Gallery)



Water-colour 14" x 10"

Plate 33. "Pont-y-Carth, North Wales"

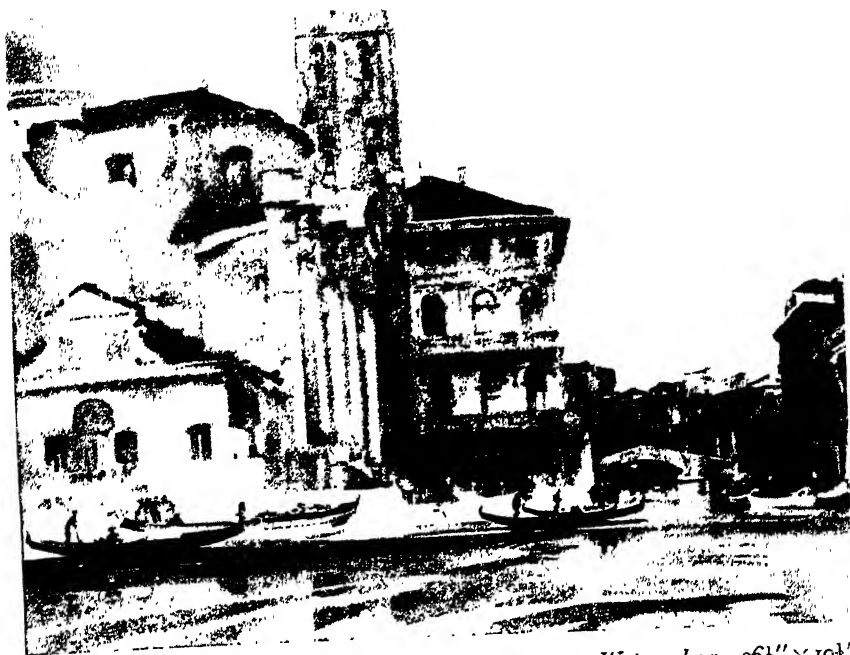


Plate 34. "San Geremia and the Palazzo Labia" Water-colour 26½" × 19½"
(Collection of Mrs. Fox-Bourne)

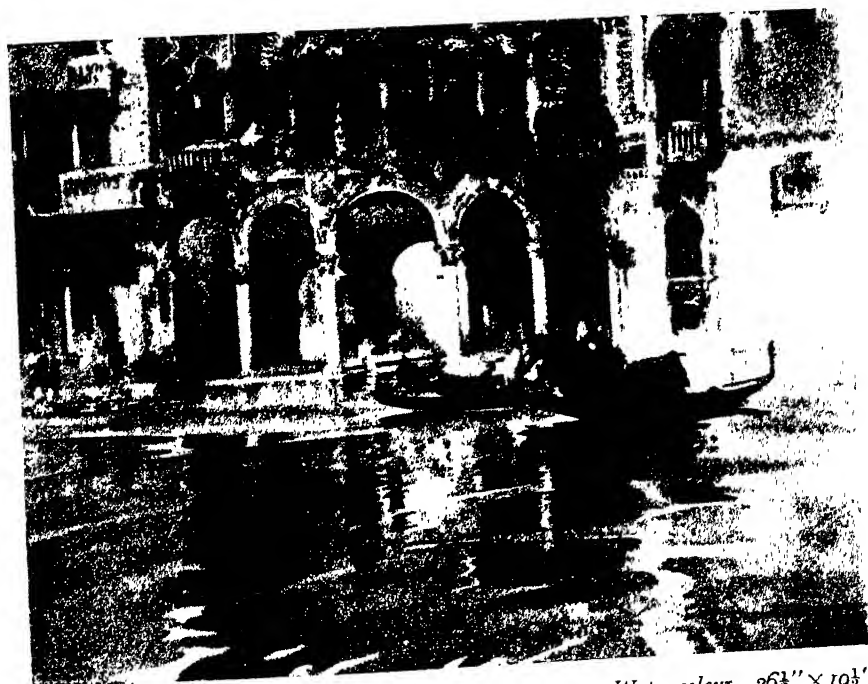


Plate 35. "Ca d'Oro" Water-colour 26½" × 19½"
(Collection of Mrs. G. T. Black)

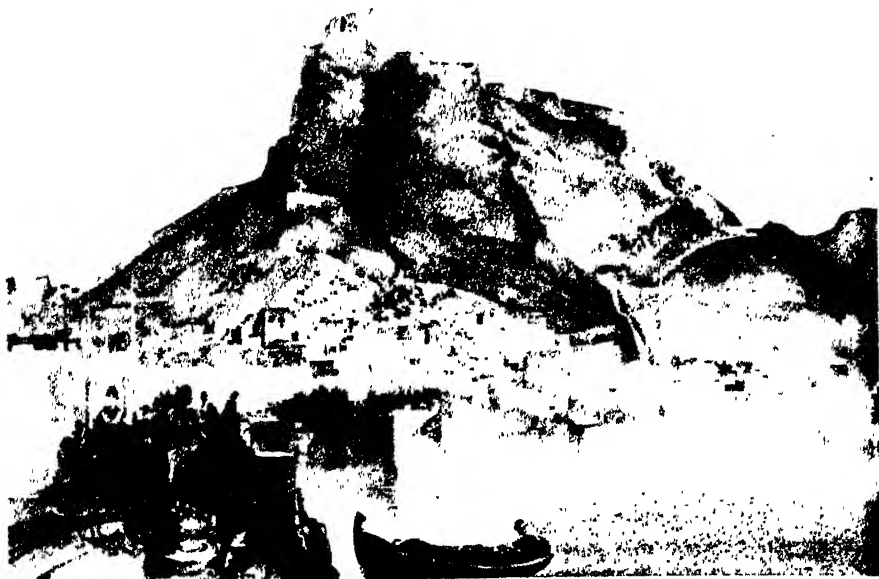


Plate 36. "Alicante"

Water-colour $26\frac{1}{2}'' \times 18\frac{1}{2}''$

(Collection of Lady Gilmour of Montrave.)



Plate 37. "Pancorbo"

Water-colour $13\frac{1}{4}'' \times 9\frac{3}{4}''$



Plate 38. "Ascension Day, Catalonia"
(Eton College Collection)

Water-colour 13½" 9½"

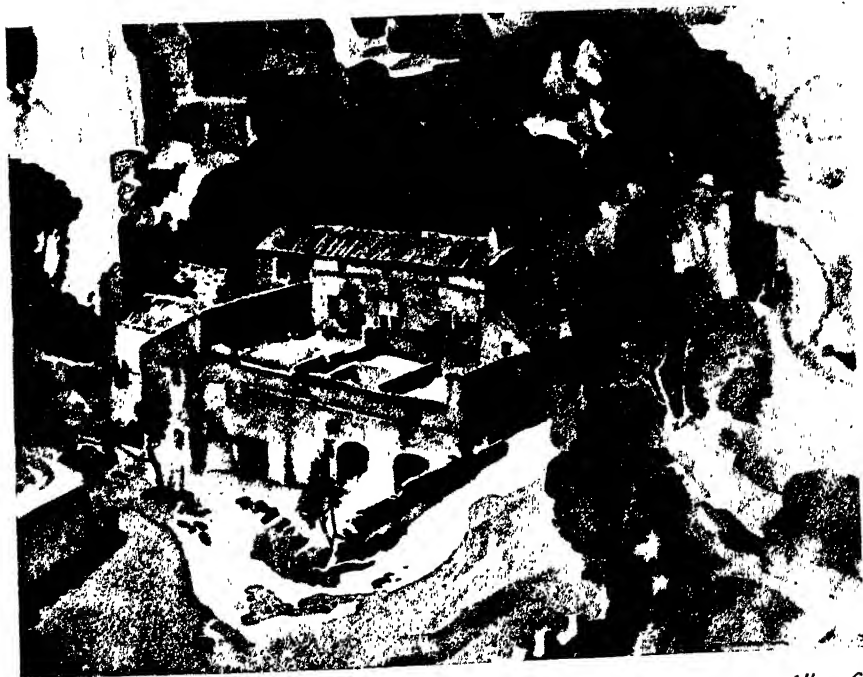


Plate 39. "A Farm at Les Baux, Provence"

Water-colour 21½" × 16"



Plate 44. "Palais du Pape, Avignon"

Water-colour 26" × 19½"

(Collection of the late Sir J. J. Burnet, R.A.)

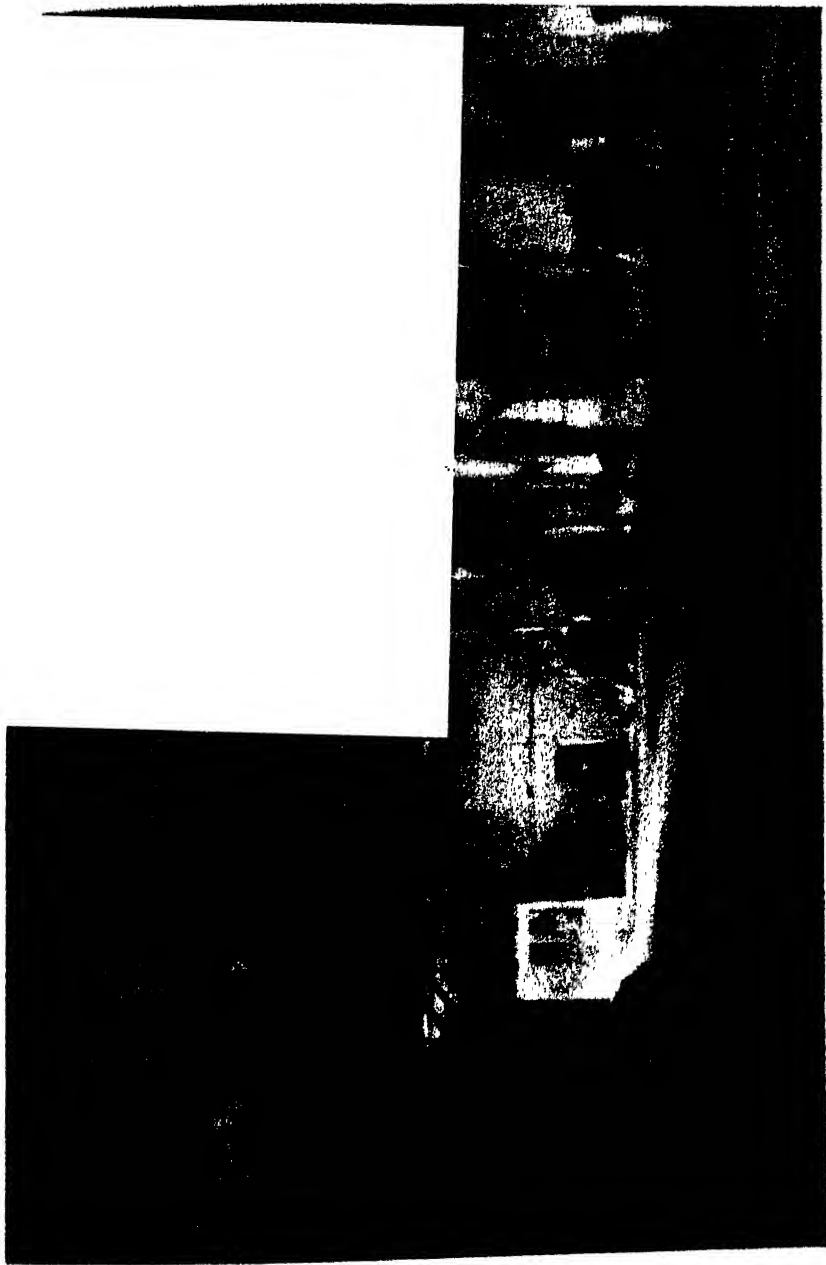


Plate 45. "Napoleon's Stables, St. Maximin-la-Baume, Provence"

Water-colour 26 $\frac{1}{2}$ " x 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ "



Plate 46. "Truth, with Discretion and Patience"

Oil 50" x 40"



Plate 47. "The Coopers' Luncheon, St. Tropez"

Water-colour $22\frac{1}{2}'' \times 16\frac{1}{2}''$



Plate 48. "Under the Rood Beam, Trèves"
(Collection of Mrs. A. Kenneth)

Water-colour 26½" x 19½"



Plate 49. "Flowers and Lacquer"

(Now owned by S. H. Frein, Esq., and lent by him to Sydney Art Gallery, N.S.W.)

Oil 50" x 40"



Plate 50. "Silver and Gold"
(Exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1930)
(Purchased and presented by W. A. Cadbury, Esq., to the Birmingham City Art Gallery)

Oil 50" x 40"

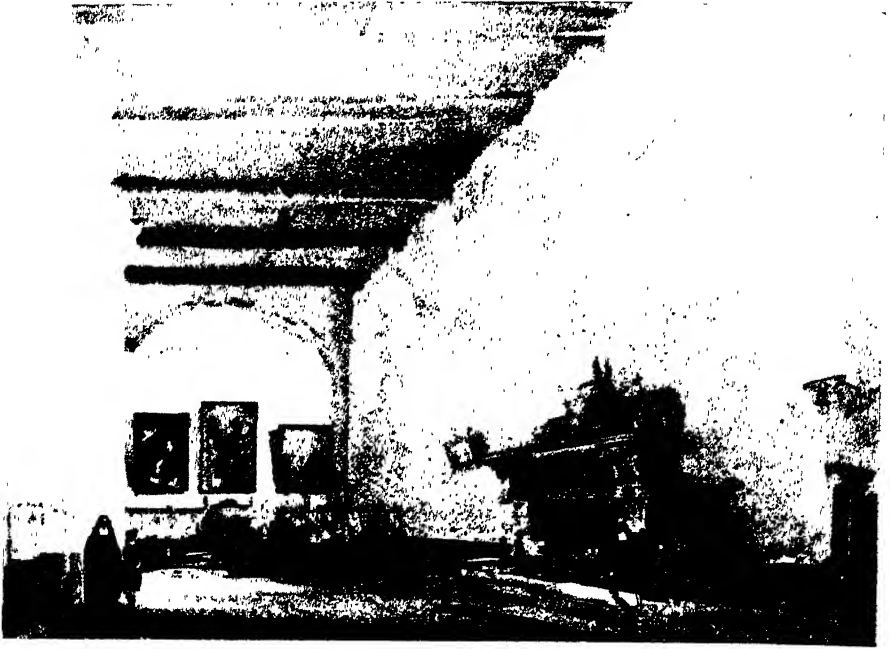


Plate 51. "The Nun's Class, La Charité"

Water-colour 26½" × 19½"



Plate 52. "Gipsy Scandal Market"

Water-colour 22" × 16"

(Collection of Wellington R. Burt, Esq., Michigan)



Plate 53. "The Dance of Rose Petals, Granada" Water-colour $26\frac{1}{2}'' \times 19\frac{1}{2}''$
(Collection of H. Giles Walker, Esq.)



Plate 54. "A Song of Old Provence" Water-colour $26\frac{1}{2}'' \times 19\frac{1}{2}''$
(Collection of R. E. Danielson, Esq.)



Plate 58. "Sirens Unemployed"

Water-colour 30" x 19½"



(Collection)



Plate 69. "A Mirror on the Sands"

Water-colour $26\frac{1}{2}'' \times 19\frac{1}{2}''$



Plate 65. "The Choice"

(Collection of H. Roberts, Esq.)



Plate 66. "Gitanas in Festal Attire"

Tempera 27" x 20"

(Nielsen Collection, San José, California)



Plate 67. "Gitana Dancers Resting, Albaicin, Granada"

Oil



Plate 68. "Gitanas and Goat Girl"

Tempera 39" 22"



Plate 69. "Gitana Music"

Oil

(Collection of H. Roberts, Esq.)



Plate 70. "The Seven Springs of Vers"
(Collection of A. C. Davy, Esq.)

Water-colour 22" x 13"



Plate 71. "The Goat Girl"

Water-colour 19½" x 13½"



Plate 72. "Cusa Rosa, Grand Canal, Venice" Water-colour $26\frac{1}{2}'' \times 19\frac{1}{2}''$
 Collection of J. E. Hodgkin, Esq.

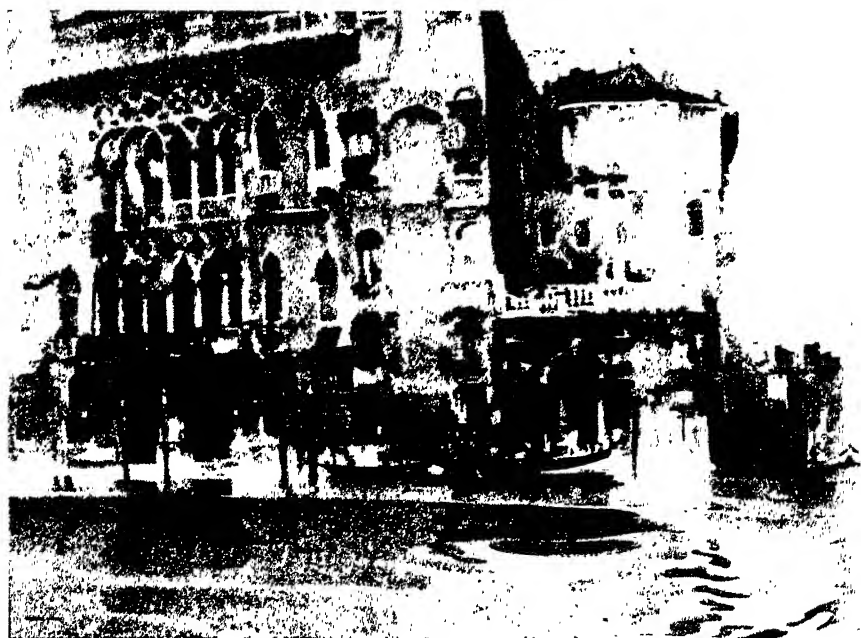


Plate 73. "Towering Palaces, Venice" Water-colour $26\frac{1}{2}'' \times 19\frac{1}{2}''$



Plate 74. "Valle Crucis Abbey"

Water-colour $19\frac{1}{2}'' \times 13\frac{1}{4}''$

(Collection of Canon H. T. Bowlby)



Plate 75. "Loches"

Water-colour $13\frac{1}{4}'' \times 9\frac{3}{4}''$



Plate 76. "The Chateau Gate House, Gisors"

Water-colour 13½" × 17"

(Collection of K. F. Banner, Esq.)



Plate 77. "A Farm in Arcady"

Water-colour 26½" × 19½"

(Collection of John Robertson, Esq., J.P.)



Plate 78. "The Unconsecrated Church"

Water-colour $26\frac{1}{2}'' \times 19\frac{1}{2}''$

(Exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1934, and now owned by H. Roberts, Esq.)



Plate 82. "Monica"



Plate 79. "Three Cafés, Saumur (Loire)"

Water-colour $26\frac{1}{2}'' \times 19\frac{1}{2}''$

(Collection of J. C. Sword, Esq.)

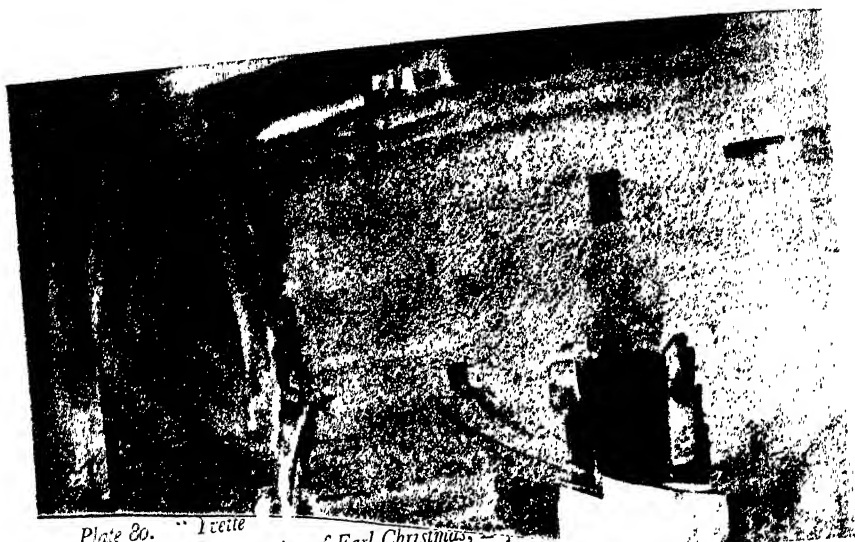


Plate 80. "Lette"
(Collection of Earl Christmas, —)



Plate 81. "Spring"

(Collection of H. Roberts, Esq.)

Oil 46" x 41½"



Plate 82. "Monica"

Collection of Mr. T. S. Dug.

Tempera 24" 13"



Plate 83. "The Dancer Consuelito Carmona"

(Collection of J. E. Gardner, Esq.)

Oil



Plate 84. "The Secret Lagoon"

Water-colour 26½" × 19½"

(Presented as a contribution to the War effort of the Dominion of Canada)



Plate 85. "Autumn near Capel Curig"

Water-colour 13" × 9½"



Plate 86. "A Classic Landscape, Provence"

Water-colour 21" x 16 1/2"



Plate 87. "On the Gard, Provence"

Water-colour 19" x 14"

(Exhibited at the Royal Society of Painters in Water-colours Exhibition, Autumn, 1938,
and now owned by F. Cope Morgan, Esq.)



Plate 84. "The Secret Lagoon"

Water-colour 26½" × 19½"

(Presented as a contribution to the War effort of the Dominion of Canada)



Plate 85. "Autumn near Capel Curig"

Water-colour 13" × 9½"



Plate 86. "A Classic Landscape, Provence"

Water-colour 21" x 16½"



Plate 87. "On the Gard, Provence"

Water-colour 19" x 14"

(Exhibited at the Royal Society of Painters in Water-colours Exhibition, Autumn, 1938,
and now owned by F. Cope Morgan, Esq.;



Plate 88. "Pont du Gard"

Water-colour 13" \times 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ "

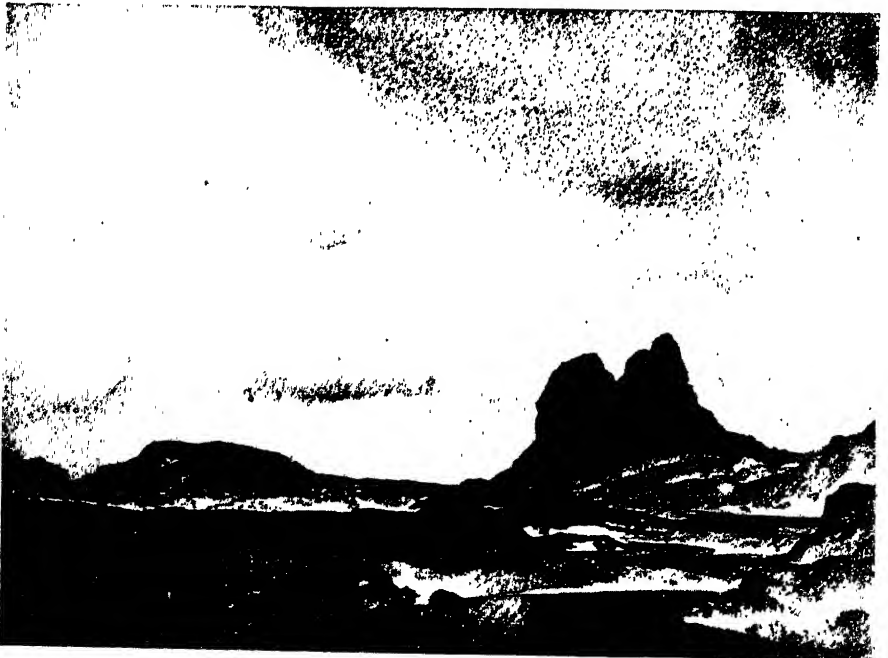


Plate 89. "Suilven, Sutherland"

Water-colour 13 $\frac{1}{4}$ " \times 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ "

(Collection of Mrs. Watson Rutherford)



Plate 90. "Great Ingelbourne"

(Royal Academy, 1912)

Copy 1



Plate 91. "Leonora"

Tempera 24" x 13"

(Collection of Julius B. Hyam, Esq., Chicago, Ill.)



Plate 92. "Reclining Model"

Tempera 27" x 20"

(Collection of William Powell, Esq., Beverly Hills, California)



Plate 93. "Ceres' Daughters"

Water-colour $26\frac{1}{2}'' \times 19\frac{1}{2}''$

(Collection of Robert Fraser, Esq., Buenos Aires)

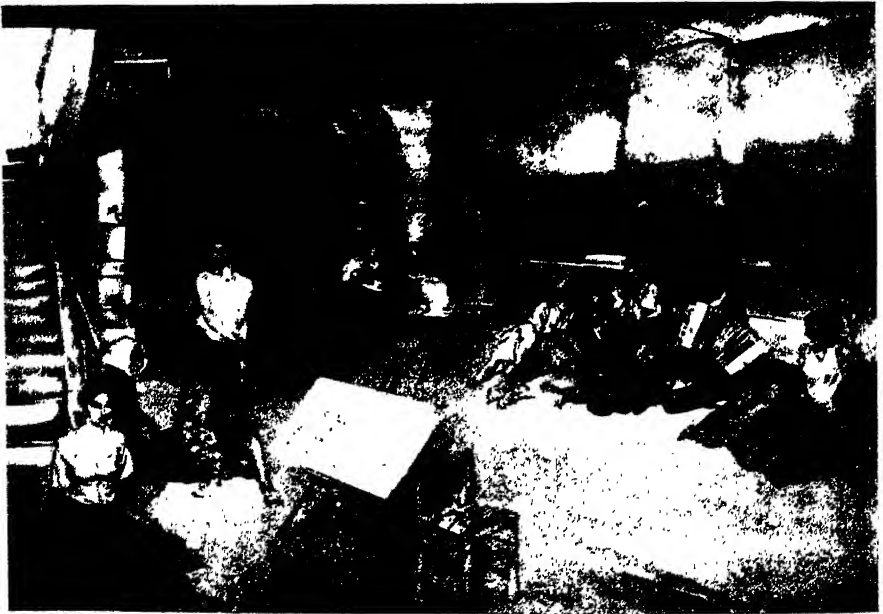


Plate 94. "Dwellers on the Ground Floor"

Water-colour $30'' \times 22''$

(Royal Academy, 1939)



Plate 95. "Three Gipsies in Languedoc"

Water-colour 22" x 19"



Plate 96. "The Viper in New Hay, Uzès"

Water-colour 26½" x 19½"



Plate 97. "A Party of Four"

(Tate Art Gallery, Hull)

Tempera



Plate 98. "Bronze and Silver" (Anna Lee and Joanna Stevenson)

(Collection of Dr. John Shanks)



(Left) Plate 99.
"The First Bull, Nîmes"
 Water-colour

(Below) Plate 100.
*"Promenade des Jeunes Filles,
 Provence"* Water-colour 27" x 20"



Right Plate 101.
 "Illustration for the 'Life of Saint Paul'"
 Water-colour



(Below, Plate 102.
 "Homer: Odysseus in Hades."
 Water-colour 12" 9"
 Courtesy of the Medici Society, Ltd.





Plate 103. "Melusina"

Tempera 24" x 19"



Plate 104. "Elaina"

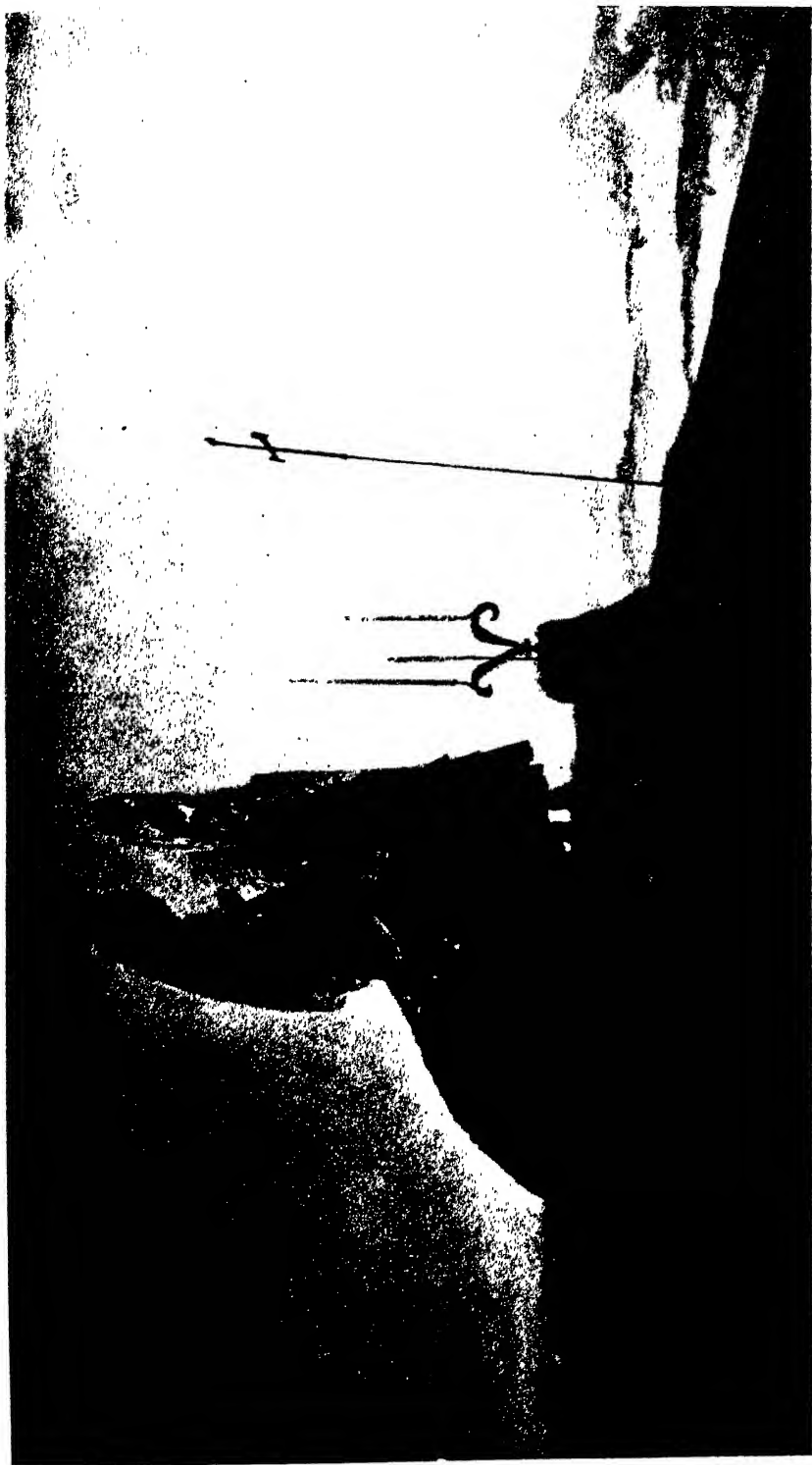


Plate 105. "Pilgrimage at Midsummer Dawn, New Castle"

(Collection of the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Moray)

Oil



Plate 106. "Aragonese Harvesters Resting"

(Collection of E. M. Weatherly, Esq.)

Water-colour



Plate 107. "The Lemnians"

(National Art Gallery of Ni

(Left) Plate 108.

'Bianca'

Tempera 22" x 16"



(Below) Plate 109.

'The Raven'

Water-colour 26½" x 19½"



Plate 110.
"The Pink Feather"
 Tempera 17" x 11"



(Below) Plate 111.
"La Hija Muy Amada"
 Water-colour 26" x 19"
 Collection of Miss I. G. Walker



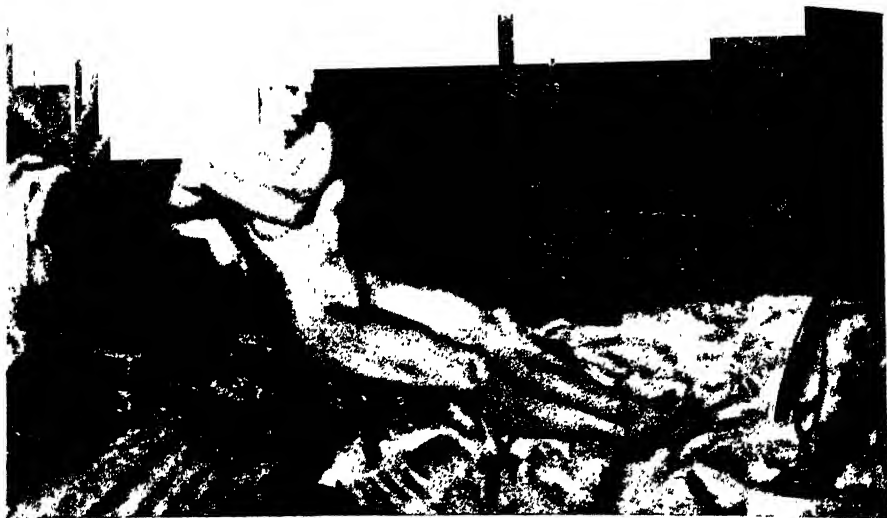


Plate 112. "The Little Red Mirror"

Tempera 24" x 13"

(Collection of Bryant W. Langston, Woodbury, New Jersey)



Plate 113. "Nicolette"

Tempera 27" x 20"

(Ackermann Galleries, Chicago)



Plate 114. "Discussion"

(Macdonald Collection, Cleveland)

Tempera 30" x 20"



Plate 115. "Mercedes and Julietta"

(Collection of J. C. Myers, Esq., Ashland, Ohio)

Tempera 30" x 20"



Plate 116. " *Artemis and Chione* "

(*Harris Museum and Art Gallery, Preston*)

Oil 57" X 42"



Oil 68" x 43"

(Royal Academy, 1954)

Plate 117. "The Kite"



Plate 118. "Nomads' Rendezvous"

(Southampton Art Gallery)

Oil 40" x 30"



Plate 119. "Ladies and Gypsies"

(Collection of Mrs. G. T. Black)



Plate 120. "January Twilight, Great Englebourne, S. Devon" Water-colour 22" x 14"



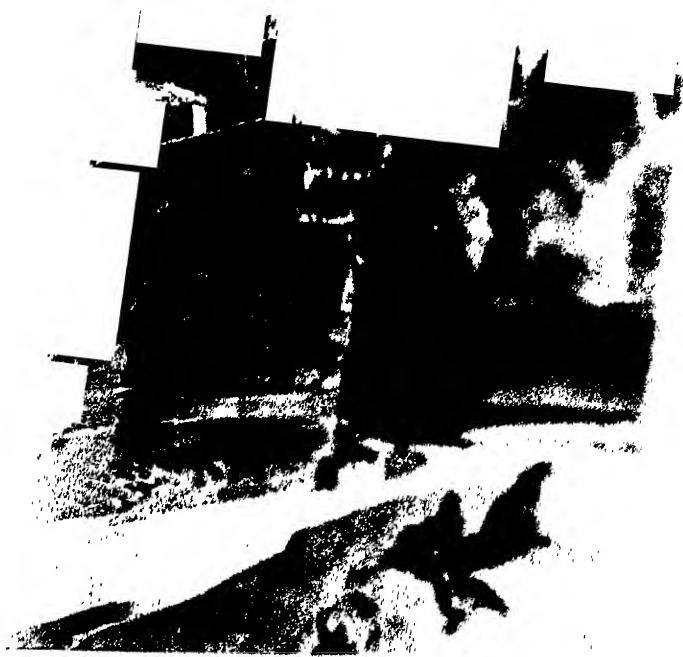
Plate 121. "Midsummer Midnight, Ross-shire" Water-colour 13½" x 9½"
(Collection of Sir John Stirling-Maxwell, Bart., K.T.)



Plate 122. "A Garden in Devon"

(Royal Academy, 1912)

Compton, 1912



123. "A Broken Bridge" by J. M. W. Turner



124. "Diana" by J. M. W. Turner

(Collection of John A. ...)



Plate 125. "Sunshine and Frost, Engadine"

(Collection of F. Newton Trier, Esq.)

Water-colour $19\frac{3}{8}'' \times 12\frac{3}{4}''$



Plate 126. "Morning on the Rink, Grimmelalp"

Water-colour



Plate 127. "Ski-ing in a Snowstorm"

Water-colour



Plate 128. "Sunshine and Snow, Flims"

Water-colour



Plate 129. "Four Singers of Vera"

(Kelvingrove Art Gallery, Glasgow)

Oil



Plate 130. "Andalusian Singers"

Oil

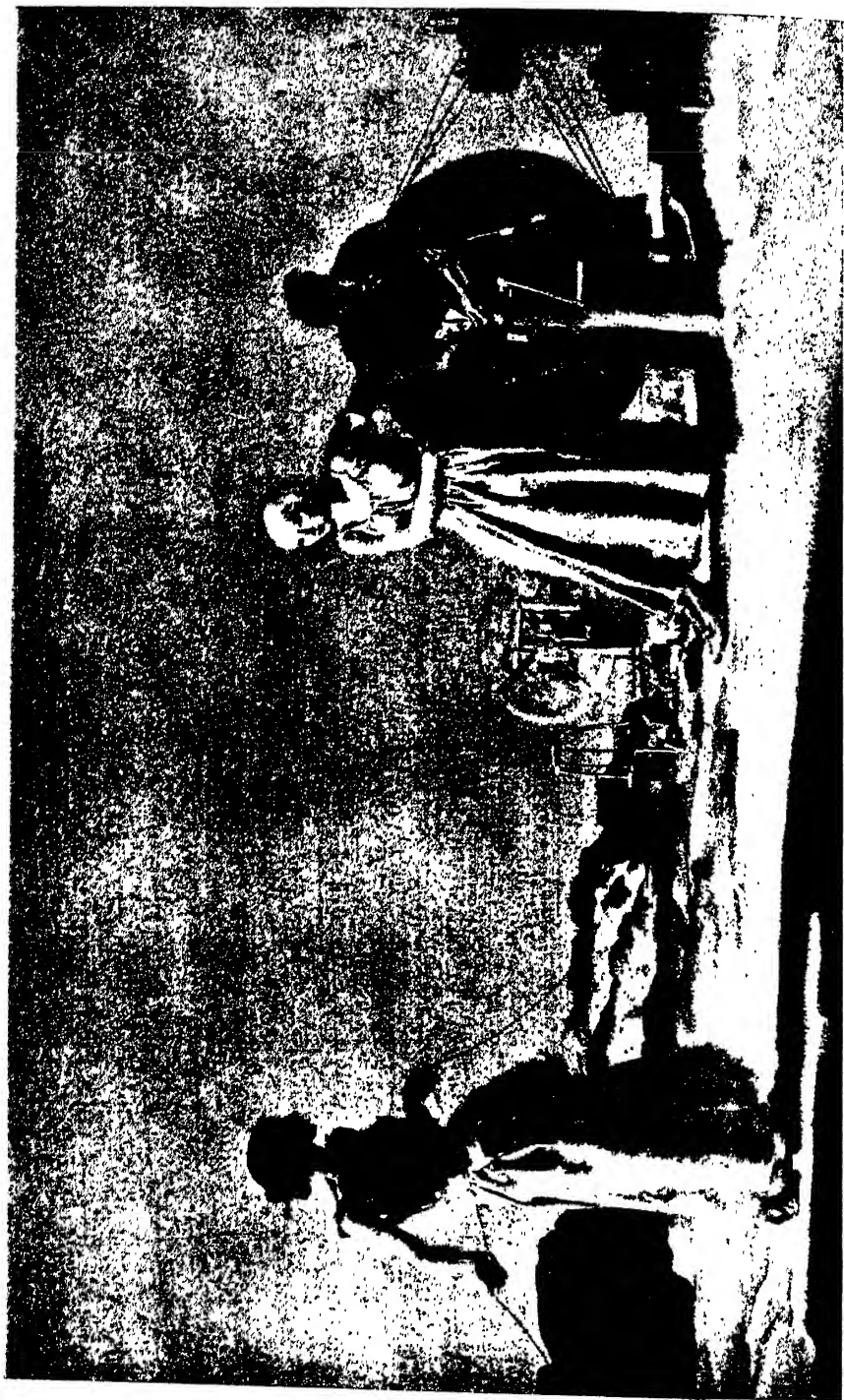


Plate 131. "The Stolen Letter"

(Royal Academy, 1940)

Tempera

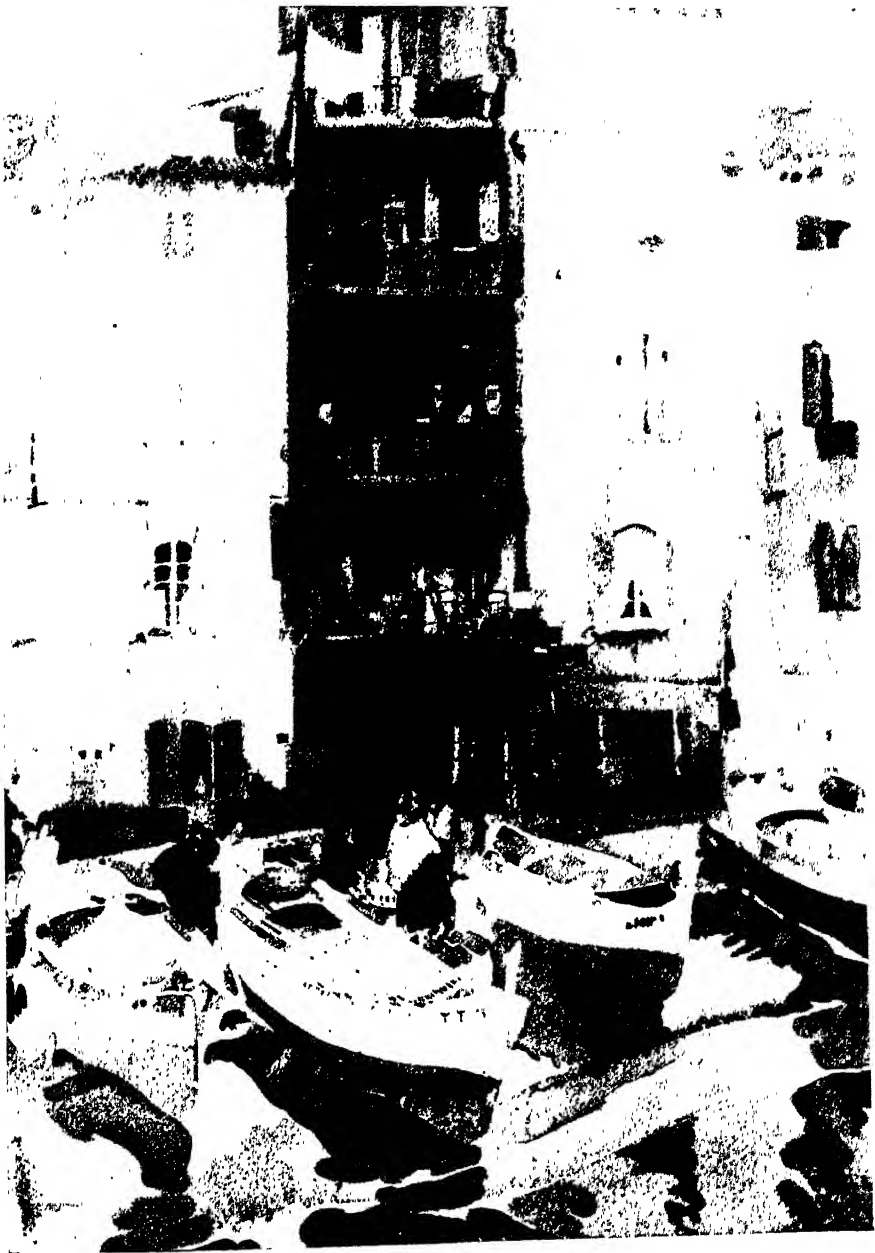


Plate 135. "The Black House, St. Tropez"
(Bimson Collection, Phoenix, Arizona)

Water-colour



Plate 136. "On the Traligill Burn, Ben More Assynt"
(Collection of Lady Stewart Sandeman)

Water-colour

SOME WORKS IN PUBLIC GALLERIES

ABERDEEN ART GALLERY	"A Winter Landscape"	Water-colour
	"Blue Bays"	Water-colour
	"A Blue Day, Loch Assynt"	Water-colour
BATH, VICTORIA ART GALLERY (1930)	"Rio Terrà Catecumeni, Venice"	Water-colour
BIRMINGHAM CITY ART GALLERY	"Shipyard Gleaners" (<i>Plate 32</i>)	Oil
	"Silver and Gold" (<i>Plate 50</i>)	Oil
BRADFORD ART GALLERY	"Rope Makers, Aragon" (purchased 1923)	Water-colour
BRISBANE: QUEENSLAND NATIONAL ART GALLERY (acquired through the National Art-Collections Fund, 1936)	"A Blue Day by the Farne Islands"	Water-colour
BRISTOL CITY ART GALLERY (1926)	"Dinard, Morning"	Water-colour
BROOKLYN, N.Y., U.S.A.	"Clatter and Whirl"	Water-colour
BROUGHTY FERRY ART GALLERY	"Quiet Water"	Water-colour
	"Court of the Hundred Vanities"	Water-colour
BURY CORPORATION ART GALLERY (1937)	"Gossip in a Provençal Wood Vault"	Water-colour
CARDIFF	"Le Morte d'Arthur"	Water-colour
CHICAGO, ILL., U.S.A.	"Wet Sands"	Water-colour
	"A Tug-of-War"	Water-colour
EDINBURGH, SCOTTISH MODERN ARTS ASSOCIATION (1919)	"Makers of Airships"	Water-colour
ETON COLLEGE	"Ascension Day, Catalonia" (<i>Plate 38</i>)	Water-colour
GLASGOW, KELVINGROVE ART GALLERY	"The Four Singers of Vera" (<i>Plate 129</i>)	Oil
	"The Floor Polishers" (<i>Plate 31</i>)	Water-colour
	An Illustration for <i>Theocritus</i>	Water-colour
GHEENT, BELGIUM	"A Gentle Amazon"	Oil
HARROGATE (1927)	"Melting Snows, Gareloch"	Water-colour

SOME WORKS IN PUBLIC GALLERIES

HEREFORD (1939)	"The <i>Frances and Jane</i> at Birdham"	Water-colour
HULL, FERENS ART GALLERY	"A Party of Four" (<i>Plate 97</i>)	Tempera
	"Snow"	Water-colour
INDIANAPOLIS ART GALLERY, U.S.A.	"The Privileged Three"	Water-colour
JOHANNESBURG ART GALLERY	"Allegro"	Water-colour
LEEDS	"Phillida and her Friends"	Water-colour
LIVERPOOL, WALKER ART GALLERY	"La Belle Dame sans Merci"	Water-colour
	"August Morning"	Water-colour
	"Costanza"	Water-colour
	"Festival of Santa Eulalia"	Oil
LONDON: VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, S. KENSINGTON	"The Farne Islands"	Water-colour
	"A Florentine Masquerade"	Water-colour
	"Phryne and a Slave" (and others)	Water-colour
MAIDSTONE, BENTLIF ART GALLERY	"Splitting Bamboos, Provence"	Water-colour
MANCHESTER, WHITWORTH ART GALLERY	"Posada Interior"	Water-colour
NELSON, N.Z. (1928)	"Athene's Lemon Wrap"	Water-colour
	"Among Misty Isles"	Water-colour
	"The Unembarrassed Five"	Water-colour
NEWCASTLE, LAING ART GALLERY	"Veiled Silver"	Water-colour
	"The Great Lavoir"	Water-colour
NEWPORT, MONMOUTH	"Gitana Dancers Resting, Albaicin, Granada" (<i>Plate 67</i>)	Oil
	"Athelea"	Tempera
OLDHAM, CORPORATION ART GALLERY (1935)	"Linen Carriers in a Ligurian Palace"	Water-colour
OTTAWA, ONTARIO, CANADA	"The Bather's Arcade" (illustrated in <i>The Studio</i> , January 1923)	Water-colour
	"Three Little Tents"	Water-colour
PAISLEY ART GALLERY	"Basket Makers, Antibes"	Water-colour
PERTH, W. AUSTRALIA	"The Delinquents"	Oil
PORT SUNLIGHT: LADY LEVER ART GALLERY	"The Three Green Domes, Venice"	Water-colour

PRESTON, HARRIS MU- SEUM	"Artemis and Chione" (<i>Plate 117</i>)	Oil
	"In a Campden Hill Studio"	Water-colour
	"Matinée Entr'acte — an Essay in Portraiture"	Oil
ROCHDALE ART GAL- LERY (1935)	"Maruja the Strong" (<i>Plate 25</i>)	Oil
SANTA BARBARA MU- SEUM, CALIFORNIA	"Diana"	Tempera
SHEFFIELD TOWN TRUSTEES (Malcham Bequest)	"The 'Bravade,' St. Tropez"	Water-colour
SOUTHAMPTON (1932)	"Nomads' Rendezvous" (<i>Plate 118</i>)	Oil
SOUTHPORT, ATKINSON ART GALLERY	"Salle-à-Manger Bretonne"	Water-colour
SYDNEY, N.S.W., AUS- TRALIA	"The Lemnians" (<i>Plate 107</i>)	Oil
	"Flowers and Lacquer" (lent by Mr. S. H. Ervin) (<i>Plate 49</i>)	Oil
TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA (1927)	"Aspirants"	Water-colour
UDINE	"The Hunter's Return"	Water-colour
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, CANADA	"Loch Earn" (<i>Plate 29</i>) and other water-colours presented by Mr. James McDiarmid	
WORTHING (1938)	"Jennifer and Two Mirrors"	Tempera

N.B.—The above incomplete list does not include galleries possessing works of which the titles are not available, nor does it include numerous other galleries, for instance, the British Museum and the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, which have acquired proofs of etchings.

BOOKS ILLUSTRATED BY W. RUSSELL FLINT

King Solomon's Mines, by H. Rider Haggard (Cassell).

Of the Imitation of Christ, by Thomas à Kempis (Chatto & Windus).

The Song of Solomon (Medici Society, 1909).

The Thoughts of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus (Medici Society, 1909).

Savoy Operas, by W. S. Gilbert (George Bell & Sons, 1909).

Iolanthe and Other Operas, by W. S. Gilbert (George Bell & Sons, 1910).

The Scholar Gipsy and Thyrsis (Lee Warner, 1910).

Le Morte d'Arthur, by Malory, 4 vols. (Medici Society, 1910-11).

The Heroes, by Charles Kingsley (Medici Society, 1912).

The Canterbury Tales, by Chaucer, 3 vols. (Medici Society, 1913).

Theocritus, Bion and Moschus, 2 vols. (Medici Society, 1913).

The Odyssey, by Homer (Medici Society, 1924).

Judith (Haymarket Press, 1928).

Airmen or Noahs, by Admiral Sir Murray Sueter, C.B., M.P. (Pitman, 1928).

The Book of Tobit and The History of Susanna (Haymarket Press, 1929).

N.B.—The illustrations for *Theocritus, Bion and Moschus* were made during 1913, and the illustrations for *The Odyssey* during 1913-14. During 1912, while in Rome I made 20 coloured and many monochrome illustrations for Mr. A. E. Jessup's poem "Sir Christopher." So far as I am aware these were never published.—W. R. F.

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Ophthalmological Society's Journal, 1901 (unsigned).

The Studio: "A Romanticist Painter," January 1914.

The Studio: Paragraphs and illustrations, various dates.

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Colour: April 1918, April 1919, March 1931 and various other dates. May 1920. Article by Herbert Furst, November 1919. Article by H. Granville Fell, March 1931.

Allies in Art ("Colour" publication in two volumes, 1918).

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The Artist, March 1932 and in various other issues.

Strand Magazine: Frank Rutter, long illustrated article.

Batsford: *The Art of Drawing in Lead Pencil*, 1921, by Jasper Salway.

Macmillan: *The Practice of Water-Colour Painting*, 1911, by A. L. Baldry.

The Studio: *Modern Book Illustrators*, 1914.

The Studio: *British Book Illustration, Yesterday and Today*, 1923.

The Studio: *Modern Book Illustration in Great Britain and America*, 1931.

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INDEX

	PAGE		PAGE
'A Bend on the Gard, Languedoc'	27, 61	Flint, R. Purves, R.W.S.	5
'A Broken Bridge'	40, 131	"Flowers and Lacquer"	32, 80
'A Classic Farm, Provence'	26, 59	"Four Singers of Vera"	40, 134
'A Conversation in Aragon'	26, 55	France	5, 21, 25, 26, 27, 32-7, 48, 50, 55-7, 59, 61, 63, 71-2, 74-5, 78-9, 82-5, 94, 96-9, 103-4, 109, 112, 131, 139
'A Ferry in Brittany'	26, 59	"Frosty November Morning, Greta Bridge, Yorkshire"	41, 138
'A Garden in Devon'	40, 129	Gipsies	34, 82, 92-3, 109, 120, 126-7
'A Song of Old Provence'	33, 83	Godward, J. W.	23, 24
<i>Airmen and Noahs</i> (Pitman, 1928), Illustrations for	15	Graphic artists-journalists in the 1900's	6, 8
Airships, War Service as an Inspector of	15, 16	Greiffenhagen, Maurice, R.A.	16
'Aragonese Harvesters Resting'	18, 39, 118	Halkett, George	9
'Artemis and Chione'	40, 124	<i>Harnsworth's Magazine</i>	9
Artists' General Benevolent Institution	22	Heatherley's	6, 11
'Ascension Day, Catalonia'	31, 71	Hodder	2
<i>At the Gates of Brede</i> , Illustrations for	8	Holding, E. T. (Hon. Treas., R.W.S.)	20
Bale, Sons and Danielsson	6	Holmes, Sir Charles	19, 20
Ballet scenes, paintings of	26, 51-3	"Homage to Demeter"	33, 84
"Bamboos"	25, 50	Hughes-Stanton, Herbert Pelham (P.R.W.S., 1921)	19, 20
Banks & Company	1-5	Huish, Marcus B.	11
Bayes, Walter	19	Hunt, Cecil	20
Bell, Anning, R.A.	3, 16	Hunt, Reginald	19, 20
Bell, George, & Sons	10	<i>Illustrated London News</i>	6, 7, 8
Book-illustrator, Work as a	9-11, 14-15	<i>Imitation of Christ</i> , Illustrations for	9, 10, 14
"Bronze and Silver"	36, 111	Ingram, Bruce S.	7
Brown, Ernest (Leicester Galleries)	10	Italy	11-13, 23-4, 48, 69, 85, 95
Canterbury Tales, Illustrations for	11, 14	"January Twilight, Great Englishbourne"	40, 128
Cassell's	9	Journeys abroad	5, 11-13, 21, 41-3
Chatto & Windus	9	<i>Judith</i> (Haymarket Press, 1928), Illustrations for	15
Continent, the	5, 11-13, 21, 41-43	<i>King Solomon's Mines</i> , Illustrations for	9
"Conway, H.M.S."	25, 49	"La Hija Muy Amada"	39, 121
Daniel Stewart's College	1	Lee, Anna (Mrs. Robert Stevenson)	36, 111
Dawbarn, Ernest Proctor	11	Lehmann, Rudolf	7
"Devonport, No. 1 Slip"	25, 49	Leicester Galleries	10
Devonshire Landscapes	40, 105, 128, 129	<i>Life of St. Paul</i> , Illustrations for	37, 113
Dickinson, John, & Co. Ltd.	6	Llewellyn, Sir William	18, 19
"Discussion"	39, 123	Lorimer, John, A.R.W.S., 1908	26
Etching	21	Magazine-illustrator, work as a	9
<i>Famous Water-colour Painters, No. 2, W. Russell Flint, A.R.A.</i> (Studio Ltd., 1928), Introduction by G. S. Sandilands	14	<i>Marcus Aurelius</i> , Illustrations for	10
Fine Art Society, The	11	"Marguerite Pauline"	23, 45
"Flames of Autumn, Gilnockie Bridge"	27, 60	Marriage (1905)	9, 11, 12
Flint, Francis Murray Russell, R.O.I.	12	"Maruja the Strong"	27, 62
Flint, Francis Wighton	1, 5	<i>Masters of Etching, No. 27, W. Russell Flint</i> (Studio Ltd.), Introduction by Malcolm Salaman	21
Flint, Mrs. Russell	11	Medici Society Ltd., The	10, 14

INDEX

	PAGE		PAGE
"Melusina"	38, 114	"Shipyard Gleaners"	29, 66
Melville, Arthur, A.R.W.S.	3	<i>Sir Christopher</i> , by A. E. Jessop,	
"Midsummer Night, Ross-shire"	40, 128	Illustrations for	11
Models	38	<i>Song of Solomon</i> , Illustrations for	10, 14
<i>Morte d'Arthur</i> , Illustrations for	10, 14, 15	Spain	21, 26, 30-1, 33-4, 39-43, 55, 70-1, 73, 82-3, 91-3, 117-18, 120-1, 126-7, 134-6
"Napoleon's Stables, St. Maximin-la-Baume"	32, 75	"Storm Clouds, St. Malo"	26, 56
New Dudley Gallery, Piccadilly,		Strohl-Fern	12, 23
One-man show at	9	Studios:	
Newbery, Fra H.	16	at George St., Portman Square	8
"Night, The Colosseum"	23, 48	at the Villa Strohl-Fern	12
<i>Odyssey</i> , Illustrations for the	13-15, 37, 113	at Peel Cottage	29
"Off to Winter Fishing, Pittenweem"	26, 56	Sueter, Admiral Sir Murray, C.B., M.P.	11
One-man Show, New Dudley Gallery, Piccadilly	9	Switzerland	21, 40, 132-3
"Palais du Pape"	32, 74	"The Choice"	34, 91
<i>Pall Mall Magazine</i>	9	"The Dance of Rose Petals, Granada"	33, 83
"Pancorbo"	30, 70	"The Delinquents"	17
Parsons, Alfred, P.R.W.S., 1914	19	<i>The English Illustrated</i>	9
Partridge, Sir Bernard	7	"The First Bull, Nîmes Arena"	37, 112
<i>Pearson's Magazine</i>	9	"The Floor Polishers"	28, 66
<i>Peasant Art in Italy</i> (Studio Ltd.)	13	<i>The Heroes</i> , Illustrations for	10, 14-15
Peel Cottage	29	"The Judgment of Paris"	34, 90
Philp, Harry (Sec. R.W.S.)	20	"The Lemnians"	17, 39, 119
Pilgrim Trust Grant	22	"The Nun's Class, La Charité"	33, 82
"Pilgrimage at Midsummer Dawn, New Castile"	39, 117	<i>The Quiver</i>	9
"Ponte Della Paglia"	33, 85	"The Secret Lagoon"	35, 102
"Pont-y-Garth, North Wales"	29, 67	"The Seven Springs of Vers"	34, 94
Portman, Hon. Maurice	7	"The Stolen Letter"	40, 136
Portraits	22	<i>The Strand Magazine</i>	9
<i>Punch</i>	7	"The String Makers, Aragon"	31, 73
Recording Britain Scheme (Pilgrim Trust Grant)	22	<i>The Studio Magazine</i>	3, 10
Riccardi Press	10, 14	"The Tale Bearer"	27, 63
"Richelieu, The Market Hall"	25, 48	"The Unconsecrated Church"	35, 98
Royal Academy, the	9, 17	"The Viper in New Hay, Uzès"	36, 109
Royal Institute of Oil Painters	18	<i>The Windsor Magazine</i>	9
Royal Institution School of Art, Edinburgh	2	<i>Theocritus, Bion and Moschus</i> , Illustrations for	11, 14, 15
Royal Scottish Academy	3	<i>Tobit and Susanna</i> (Haymarket Press, 1929), Illustrations for	15
Royal Scottish Watercolour Society	3	"Under the Rood Beam, Treves"	32, 79
Royal Society of Painter-Etchers	21	Underwood, Arthur	20
Royal Society of Painters in Watercolours	17-21	Venice	30, 69, 85, 95
Sands and Figures on Sands	34, 54, 87-9	Wales	67, 102
Sartorio, Aristide	24	War effort of the Dominion of Canada	35
Savoy Operas, Illustrations for	10, 14	War Service	15, 16
Scotland	26-8, 40, 56, 60, 64-5, 104, 128, 138, 140	Warner, Philip Lee	9, 10, 11, 13, 19
Shaw, Byam	3	Wilkinson, Norman, O.B.E., P.R.I.	8
Shiells, Thornton	5, 6		

